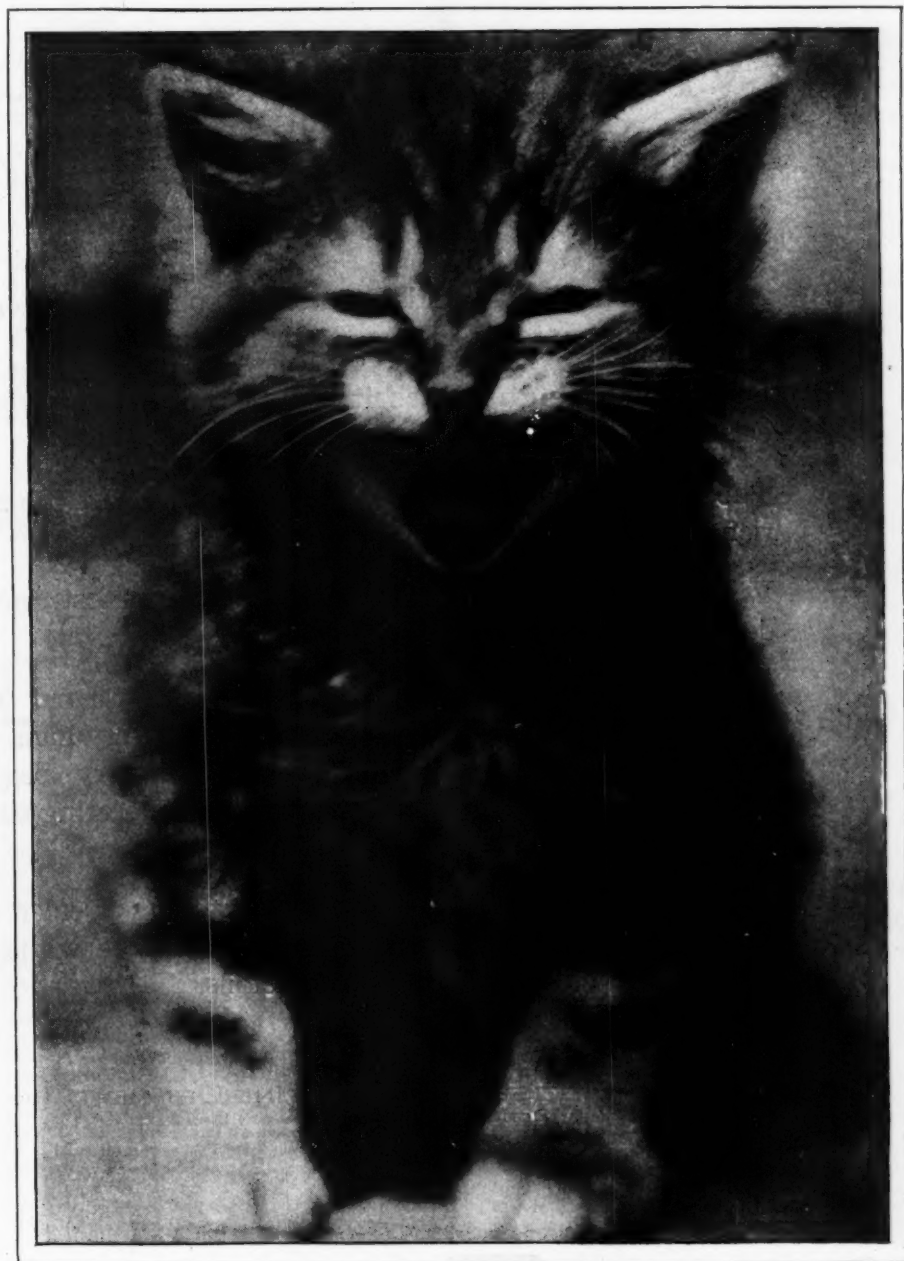


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

JANUARY 14



HAVE ANIMALS A SENSE OF HUMOR?

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THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 2



DRAWINGS BY FRANK GODWIN

"Go through his pockets," said Ellicott, after a while. "I've got him dead"

The Defeat of Alfonso

By H. L. MENCKEN

DURING the afternoon of the day that Messrs. George R. Ellicott and James E. Scott, doctors of dental surgery and citizens of the United States, arrived in the city of Cuenca, in the republic of Ecuador, their total monetary receipts amounted to \$206 in Mexican silver coin and a one pound note of the Colonial Bank of England.

It had been nearly a year since the last American dentist had visited Cuenca. In the meanwhile the teeth of the inhabitants thereof had been looked after by a certain Alfonso Iquitos, a gentleman with a forged diploma. As a result, the said teeth were in a sadly dilapidated condition, and as a second result the firm of Ellicott & Scott made profits which outstripped the avaricious dreams of the junior partner.

It was an ideal, evenly balanced, smoothly working partnership. Ellicott, the senior member, was a past master in the gentle art of extracting the maximum number of teeth with the minimum amount of pain. His speed record, made in a contest with an English champion at Belize, in British Honduras, was seventy-two in an hour. Scott, the junior, was competent to give expert testimony upon the subjects of crown and bridge work and filling. His views regarding the finer points of the last-named art were undisputed south of the tropic of Cancer. How the pair had met at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, in Kingston, and signed an agreement to pull together is a story that might be told if it were necessary. But it is not.

Suffice it to say that they arrived at the Cuenca depot, after a tiresome journey across the Spanish Main and over the Andes, with a satchel containing a case of shining instruments, a box of assorted porcelain teeth, and six bottles of malleable gold filling. Also, they brought with them a determination to do or die.

When they wrote their names upon the register of the leading Cuenca hotel and hung a huge sign announcing their arrival from the second story window of that hostelry, the emotions of the above-mentioned Alfonso Iquitos were far from pleasant. Whatever feeling of hospitality he may have had toward the newcomers was drowned by the greenest variety of professional jealousy. Their advertisement, upon the editorial page of the daily *Libra*, showed that they were prepared to fill teeth with gold at the rate of \$20 Mexican a tooth, and he knew that their operating rooms would be crowded by the elite of Cuenca and the surrounding country. Alfonso himself was never able to obtain more than \$12 for the same work. And besides, he was often compelled to see his patients depart for their homes with their teeth unfilled because of the non-arrival of the gold that he had ordered at Guayaquil or Lima. His credit in the latter towns was not of the best.

Once, in lieu of the king of metals, he had attempted the experiment of filling cavernous molars with an alloy of his own manufacture. Copper and nickel were its chief

constituents, and, as he always forgot to inform his patients that it was not gold, he dreamed, for a while, of fabulous profits and a villa in the Andes. But a rascally Americano, the superintendent of a near by coal mine, dashed his hopes to pieces by exposing the deception.

After that, for several months, Alfonso's slot was a hard one. The people of Cuenca looked upon him with an eye of suspicion, and none but the ignorant peons from the backwoods climbed up his staircase and suffered in his chair. But gradually he recovered his lost prestige. His patients began to return to him, for there was no other dentist within two days' journey, and aching teeth, like the tide, wait for no man. And now, just as the sun of prosperity was beginning to shine upon him again, there came Scott and Ellicott, with a blare of trumpets and a flash of red fire, and the winter of his discontent set in anew.

Alfonso was at the depot when the pair of Americanos arrived, and with true Castilian rage he watched them enter the finest of all the Cuenca hacks and drive to the hotel. And then he stood beneath the crooked coconut palm in the plaza opposite and saw the people of the town march up, in couples and half dozens, to have their dental deficiencies remedied. When the sun sank behind the thickets of bananas in the east and the cathedral bell rang the call for vespers, he made his way to his "studio" and there, in the fast gathering tropical twilight, sat down to battle with his troubles.

For an hour he remained almost motionless, with his arms folded and his eyes half closed.

When he awoke the night had come and the smells of the evening meal were arising from the kitchen of his landlady upon the floor below. And as he walked downstairs to partake of the repast he smiled broadly, for a plan to circumvent his rivals was in his brain and the vision of wealth was again before him.

That night he went to the theatre to hear the fair *Señorita Attilex* sing in *Il Trovatore*, and after the curtain fell he went home to bed and pleasant dreams. The woes that had racked him in the morning were gone.

To explain what happened next day it is necessary to make it known that Alfonso was much like the shoemaker in the fable, whose children caught very bad colds because they were improperly shod. While he had labored upon the teeth of his fellow citizens he had neglected his own. In consequence, two of his canines, one upon the left side of his upper jaw and one upon the right, were much in need of repairs. A month before, upon a dull day, he had made an effort to fill them, but as his stock of gold was rather low and he found the task a difficult and a painful one he soon abandoned it. Now there was another dentist in the town, and he would have his teeth attended to. Also, he would look after another little matter that interested him.

Therefore it came about that when Messrs. Scott and Ellicott arose from their break-

fast of fried plantains next morning and entered the waiting-room of their apartment they found the erstwhile leading dentist of Cuenca awaiting them. When he caught sight of them he arose and made a low bow.

"Eet iss my pleasaire," he said, "to make you a welcome to ze metropoliss."

"Thank you," said Ellicott and Scott, taking his outstretched hands.

"My name," continued their caller, "iss Alfonso de la Iquitos. I am ze gentleman of ze zame profession wis you."

"Ah," said Scott, "a dentist?"

"Si, Señor," replied Alfonso. "I have ze honair."

Then he launched out into a rhapsody upon the science of dentistry, and from that he verged into a highly apocryphal account of his own studies and experiences, and then he gave a history of his residence in Cuenca, and finally he touched upon the subject that had brought him to the hotel.

Scott asked a technical question.

"Look at eet," said Alfonso, evasively. He took his place in the operating chair and stretched out with his mouth open. Scott examined the damaged canines.

"One of them," he said, "needs filling. The other ought to come out."

"Ah," said Alfonso, "do ze filling fierst."

Then there were polite negotiations, and finally, in consideration of the fact that their patient was a member of the profession, the firm agreed to perform the operation—using the best grade of malleable gold—for \$16 in Mexican silver. The extraction of the other tooth was to be done gratis—as a sort of lagniappe.

Scott busied himself with the preparations for his part of the task. Then, when all was in readiness, he set to work with the queer little foot-power drill which had taken the place, in civilized countries, of the ancient rack and wheel. Down into the hard substance of the offending tooth the tiny needlelike point tore its noisy way, and ever and anon Alfonso gasped with pain.

"Does it hurt?" asked Scott, in accordance with the dental ritual.

"Not a mooch," gasped Alfonso, painfully endeavoring to smile. But he stood manfully to his guns, and in time the cavity was ready to be filled.

Then the Americano went to a cabinet by the wall for the filling. As he turned Alfonso's eyes followed him eagerly. When he opened the drawer there was a glint of reflected light, and six bottles of the yellow metal stood revealed. Alfonso's eyes fairly bulged from their sockets, and while Scott rubbed up a little glittering ball in the palm of his hand and forced it, grain by grain, into the tooth of the man in the chair the latter's face wore a smile of surpassing joy.

By and by, after what seemed weeks of agony, the operation was at an end, and Alfonso arose and sought his hat.

"You haf my compliments," he said, with a bow. "Eet iss a goot tjob."

"Thank you," said Scott, "the other—"

"Wis approval of you," replied Alfonso, "we will haf ze pooling—what you say?—mañana—tomorrow."

"Make it nine o'clock," said Scott, and with a second sweeping bow Alfonso went his way.

From the hotel he proceeded to his "studio" and arrayed himself in his best frock coat and glossy hat, and for the rest of the day he played dominoes at the club in



Alfonso transferred the six bottles of No. 1 malleable gold to his coat pocket

the Calle Don Pedro. The hours seemed to drag along as slowly as the train which ran from Cuenca to the top of the mountain, and when at last the sun neared the horizon he arose from the play table with a sigh of relief and returned to his lodgings. There he made another change of costume, and an hour later he took his place at the door of the theatre and watched the crowds file in. Señorita Attilez was billed to sing the part of Marguerite in Faust that night, and all Cuenca was coming to hear her. Just as the fiddlers in the orchestra began to tune their squeaky instruments Messrs. Scott and Ellicott crossed the plaza arm in arm and passed through the gaudy entrance. As they brushed by him in the throng Alfonso bowed to them smilingly, and they asked him, after the manner of their race, how he was. When their forms disappeared through the door which led to the boxes he turned upon his heel and walked away.

And now comes an unpleasant chapter in the story, for the things that Alfonso did after he left the theatre were not authorized by the laws of Ecuador. First of all, then, he made his way to the little alley which ran behind the hotel. It was as dark and as silent and as deserted as the lowest gallery of an abandoned mine. Then he climbed up to a second-story window, deftly opened the latticed shutter—the windows in Cuenca have no panes—and crawled through. Then he softly tiptoed to the apartment of Messrs. Scott and Ellicott, sought out the cabinet by the wall, pried open its lock with his pocket knife, transferred the six bottles of No. 1 malleable gold to his coat pocket and departed as stealthily as he had come. Not a soul had seen or heard him. All of the employees of the hotel, except the gentleman who gloried in the title of night clerk, were at the theatre listening to Señorita Attilez. And the gentleman who gloried in the title of night clerk was downstairs in the office, fast asleep.

Straight toward his lodgings Alfonso steered his course. Once behind their protecting doors he took the six bottles from his pocket and dumped their contents upon the table. With deft fingers he rolled the glittering metal into one oblong slab, and with a smile he placed the slab in his inside pocket. The empty bottles he took into the garden behind the house and buried between the landlady's favorite banana tree and the bushy, gaudy croton in the corner. Then he retired to his bedchamber and went to sleep.

Next morning the prefect of the Cuenca police was hurriedly summoned to the hotel on the plaza. For half an hour he was closeted with the proprietor and Messrs. Scott and Ellicott. And then the news flew about the town that the Americanos had been robbed. When Alfonso arose and came down to breakfast his landlady told him the story.

"The thieves," she said, "took gold enough to pay a king's ransom."

Alfonso placed his hand upon his breast above his inside pocket.

"Who is suspected?" he asked.

"The bandit Dominiguez," said the landlady. "He was seen in the suburbs yesterday morning."

"Very likely," said Alfonso, with a shake of his head.

Then he set out for the hotel. When he arrived the entrance was crowded by gendarmes and curious idlers. Upstairs Scott and Ellicott were in conference. The prefect's theory as to the robbers did not appeal to them. They had a theory of their own which seemed to them to be more reasonable. Three years' traveling in South America and the West Indies had taught them a thing or two about Castilian crime.

Alfonso struggled through the crowd and made his way to the Americanos' apartment. He was loud in his condolences. As extra-

gantly the victims thanked him for them.

"I had an appointment with you," said Scott, "at nine."

"Ah," replied Alfonso, "I mpost release you. Ze unfortunate you haf suffaired iss excuse. I am sorrowy. Zis aftairnoon I moost go away from ze city for ze ten days. I lament ze unfortune."

"Nonsense," said Scott, with remarkable geniality. "There is no need to cry over spilt milk. The gold is gone, but I don't require gold to extract your tooth."

"Ah, I lament," said Alfonso, but Scott would not hear him, and despite his moving protests and sympathetic tears he was induced to take a seat in the operating-chair and prepare to undergo the ordeal of losing a canine. Ellicott was the extracting partner of the firm, and it was he that opened the instrument case and selected a large, heavy-jawed pair of forceps. Meanwhile Scott stood by.

With his arms folded across his inside pocket Alfonso lay back in the chair and opened his mouth. Ellicott examined the damaged masticator with the air of a hangman testing the gallows. Then he opened the jaws of the terrible instrument of extraction and fitted them about it. Then he brought them together upon it with a sudden contraction of the knotty muscles of his mighty right hand, and, at the same time, in violation of all of the rules of scientific dentistry, he sunk the fingers of his left hand into the flesh of Alfonso's neck.

Alfonso jumped like a man struck by a bullet, but Ellicott's fingers did not relax their hold, and he was as helpless as if he were bound and gagged and sewed up in a sack. The pain in his tooth was like the torment of a thousand devils, but he could not move. The fingers round his throat made him blue in the face, but he could not yell.

Meanwhile Scott stood by and smiled.

"Go through his pockets," said Ellicott after a while. "I've got him dead."

And slowly Scott inserted his hand into every pocket in Alfonso's garments. The last one he came to was the inside pocket of the coat. From it he drew forth the oblong slab of gold. In the light it glinted brightly. Carefully he carried it to the cabinet whence it had come and weighed it with a pair of jeweler's scales. It tipped the beam at the exact weight of the gold that had been stolen.

"Is it all there?" asked Ellicott, giving the forceps a little twist. Alfonso trembled like a fever patient, and his eyes bulged even further than they had done when he sat in the chair the day before.

"It's all here," replied Scott, and Ellicott released his hold upon his patient's neck and disentangled the sharp jaws of the forceps from the damaged tooth.

Alfonso arose weakly and silently and grabbed his glossy hat. Then he wiped the perspiration from his brow and made a sudden break for the door. And as he dashed out, Ellicott assisted him with the tip of a heavy box calf shoe that bore the imprint of a manufacturer in Jonesville, Connecticut.

When Theodora Lost the Cap Box

By C. A. STEPHENS

THERE are now good hopes that the State of Maine will soon include the old black bear in the list of its fauna protected by law, as other wild animals are protected; at present there is a price on his head. The bear is a dangerous wild beast, some may say, but that is largely a thing of the past. The bear is now one of the shyest creatures in the woods of New England; it flees at the first scent or sound of man and never turns to fight unless cornered or to defend its young.

Bears are peculiar animals, and, though much has been written of them, we still have a great deal to learn concerning their habits and mode of life. How long does a bear live? No naturalist can tell you whether it is fifteen, twenty, thirty or even forty years. Of course bears die of old age, yet woodsmen assure me that the bones of a bear that has died from natural causes are never found in the forest. Whither do aged bears betake themselves when they are about to pass from

these scenes of earth? One theory is that very old, feeble bears, after retiring to hibernate in their dens, fall asleep and never wake from their long winter naps. Their remains are therefore sepulchered out of all sight and knowledge of the world. Something rather mysterious too is connected with the first two months of a bear cub's life. Ordinarily young bears are never seen abroad till late in the spring or early summer. Naturalists hold, however, that they are born during the late weeks of winter while the mother bear is still hibernating in her den, and that they are nourished there seven or eight weeks, presumably while the mother is yet asleep or half asleep. Certain it is that bear cubs are very small at birth, weighing no more than two pounds—an unusually tiny beginning for an animal that at adult age attains a weight of two or three hundred.

At our old farm in Maine we naturally saw and heard a great deal about bears. Only once, however, did we discover bear cubs

abroad as early as April, and this in the case of a bear that had been drowned out of its winter den toward the end of a long rain-storm, which had flooded the swamp along a stream where the den was situated.

THE rain had carried off most of the snow, and the Old Squire's flock of fifty-five sheep had made for the upland pasture, glad to get out on the bare, fresh earth again after being shut up at the barn throughout the winter. That week of vernal warmth, however, proved but transitory. Cold, raw weather came on. Five or six inches of soft snow fell during the following night. The sheep had failed to return, and next morning the Old Squire sent Cousin Ellen and me to look up the flock and drive them to the barn. Cousin Addison would probably have gone with me instead of Ellen, but he had to drive to mill that morning with a load of corn to be ground; and Halstead, who was always a late sleeper, was not yet out of bed.

The snow made bad walking, but Ellen

and I hastened up across the fields and ascended to the pasture, expecting to come immediately upon the sheep; but we looked about for some time before we finally discovered them huddled together in a scattering growth of spruce at the far lower end of the cleared land. At first we supposed they were all standing pressed closely together. Scarcely a lamb was visible; all of them—thirty or more—were out of sight in the middle of the flock, with a head peeping out here and there. Nor was there any of the bleating usually heard when sheep are called. All stood there in silence. The snow on the ground about them too had been trodden down hard.

"They act scared!" Ellen exclaimed as soon as we came near. "Something has frightened them."

Thereupon we began looking about, our first thought being of roguish dogs or of "lucivees." Beyond the clump of spruces where the sheep stood the ground fell off over ledges and rocks down to a swamp of



DRAWING BY HAROLD SICHEL

They approached, almost out of breath, exclaiming, "Where is that bear?"

cedars and firs along the stream, which was now much swelled from the freshet. For some moments we stood there on the ledges, looking down on the scene of the inundation, listening to the roar of falls at a distance farther up stream. Then a much nearer sound came to our ears,—the sloshing of water in the camp immediately below where we stood,—and, scanning the thickets more sharply, we detected a little stir of the green fir boughs and caught a glimpse of something very black there.

"I believe that's a bear!" Ellen whispered, clutching my arm. "Oh, maybe it has killed a sheep or a lamb! What shall we do?"

"You watch and see where he goes," I whispered. "I'll run home and fetch the gun and get the Old Squire to come."

"No, no!" Ellen objected. "You watch and I'll go," and she set off running before I could even remonstrate.

Left to watch a bear, I stood there on the ledges for some time with eyes bent on the thickets below, where occasional glimpses of a black hide were visible. Suddenly the animal emerged plainly in view—so suddenly that I was on the verge of flight and drew back out of sight behind a bush. It was certainly a bear, one that looked very large in the eyes of a boy of thirteen; for this, I may add here, was either the second or the third year we young folks were at the old Squire's place.

THE bear did not charge up the ledge, however, as I had half-expected it might, but advanced a few steps along the border of the thickets, scuffing its feet in the light snow; then it turned back and disappeared, only to emerge again after a few moments, and this time I saw that it had something in its mouth—something that made queer, faint, squalling noises. For an instant I thought it must be a lamb that the bear had not yet killed. The tiny thing was not black, but looked to be of a yellowish hue. It squirmed slightly, and the bear, holding its head much higher than a bear usually does, shuffled along the edge of the swamp for fifty yards perhaps; then after scuffling again, as if to brush away the snow, it laid its small mouthful down and retraced its steps to the place where it had first come in sight, and again disappeared.

What could the little object be? It lay there and wriggled on the snowy ground. I could plainly hear its cries of discomfort, but I could now see that it was not a lamb; it was more like a very small pig, not larger indeed than a month-old kitten. I remem-

bered that I had often seen a cat carry its kitten in much the same careful way, and then I guessed that this was a little bear cub that its mother had rescued from the flood water in the swamp.

As I crouched there the bear appeared for a third time, and she carried in her mouth another cub, which she hastened to deposit beside the first one. For several moments she stood with her head held low over the cubs, apparently listening, casting her eyes about as if fearful of enemies not far away. Probably she had caught the scent of mankind and was disturbed, although I did not believe she had seen me.

The sheep too had smelled or caught sight of the bear. Suddenly the flock started running across the pasture in the direction of the farm buildings, the lambs still much out of sight among the sheep. At first I was minded to follow them, but concluded to remain at my post and watch till help came.

Meanwhile the bear had gone back to the swamp again, and before long she brought out a third cub. All three of the small creatures were nestling on the ground, making a considerable whining. I thought the bear licked them at times with her tongue, but could not distinguish all that went on. Evidently the old beast was uneasy, for she kept turning this way and that. It must have scented me, for a bear's sense of smell is marvelously acute. Plainly the old creature was at a loss what to do with her young and helpless family. Soon she gathered one of the cubs in her mouth again and marched off for as much as a hundred yards along the border of the swamp, when again she scuffed the snow and, laying the cub down there, came hastening back for another.

She had just taken away the last cub when I heard voices and saw, not the Old Squire and Ellen, but what seemed our whole family—Halstead running ahead, Ellen nearly keeping pace with him, Theodora a little way behind her, and still farther in the rear Grandmother Ruth, toiling forward with Addison's gun over her shoulder. Farther still in the rear Addison had come in sight, also running; he had got back from the mill just as the others were starting, but had to stop to unhitch the horses. The Old Squire, who was one of the selectmen of the town that year, had been called away to see what was to be done about a bridge that had been carried off during the freshet. Gram had come, not because she was keen on hunting bears, but because she was afraid to trust the gun to Halstead.

They approached, almost out of breath, exclaiming, "Where is that bear? Has he

gone?" And then they all saw the bear moving off.

Addison came up while I was explaining what I had seen. He seized the gun and bade me show him the bear. "Keep back, keep back, all of you!" he said to Gram and the girls; then he started in the direction I had indicated.

We all stole after him down the shelving ledges and had not gone far when the bear was sighted, shuffling along the border of the thickets with a cub in her mouth. She had heard or scented us and kept turning half around. We saw the wriggling little object in her mouth quite plainly. Reaching the place where the two other cubs had been left, she stopped, faced about and looked uneasily in our direction for several moments, then hastened on, leaving the two cubs still there. This time she did not go far, however, but, coming to a large rock, laid the cub down hastily and rushed back to get the others. That maneuver she repeated two or three times, moving the cubs one at a time in her mouth. Clearly the poor old creature was in great trouble.

MEANWHILE Addison had paused to put a heavier charge in the gun; then he went back to fetch the powder horn and pouch of shot and bullets from Grandmother Ruth and Ellen. He hastily drew out the light charge that was in the gun and started to reload with ball; for the guns of that day were all of the percussion-cap type, being first loaded with loose powder, wads and shot or bullets and discharged by means of little brass caps containing fulminate, which was placed on a hollow nipple and fired by a stroke of the hammer. At our place the Old Squire's invariable rule for us boys was never to fetch a capped gun into the house or carry it about capped; the cap was to be affixed only after game was sighted. At that time percussion caps were purchased in little brass boxes, fifty in a box.

When Ellen had run home to give the alarm and get the gun the cap box had been forgotten. Halstead had gone to get the powder horn and bullets from Addison's room upstairs, but had neglected to fetch the caps, which were on a shelf near the head of the bed. This omission was discovered after they had come halfway up the fields on their way to me. Theodora then sped back to get the caps, had found them and, putting the box in her pocket, had run after the others.

"Give me those caps quick!" Addison exclaimed, and Ellen, who was standing by with the powder horn and bullet pouch, ran

to call Theodora, who stood a few steps away on the ledges, watching the bear carry her cubs.

Theodora descended rather slowly and absently put her hand into her pocket.

"Hurry, Doad!" Addison cried impatiently. Theodora felt in her pocket. "Why, Ad," she said, "I'm afraid I've lost it!"

"Lost it? Look! Look again!" we all exclaimed at once.

She appeared to search carefully. "It isn't in my pocket," she declared. "I must have dropped it."

Indignation then burst forth. Addison said things uncomplimentary to her mental powers. So did Halstead, and perhaps I did too. It was a very exasperating thing to have happen at such a crisis.

"Hurry along back as you came!" Addison urged her. "Follow your tracks if you can; you may find where you dropped it!"

In fact we all started hurriedly back with eyes bent on the trail across the pasture. I think we searched for an hour or more, going eventually clear back to the house. It was a vain quest. Incidentally I remember that Doad did not seem to be searching as eagerly as one should have done whose carelessness had caused such a mess. At the time I set it down to her chagrin or resentment over what we had said to her.

Nothing was found of the caps, and the worst of it was we had but that single box. Addison hitched up and drove to the general store at the Corners, where he bought another box of caps. Later in the day he and I with Halstead went to the pasture again and attempted to follow the bear's tracks; but the late light snow was already melting fast, and on coming to dryer ground above the swamp we lost the trail altogether and gave up the hunt.

Theodora remained silent and appeared so contrite for her carelessness that none of us had the heart to say much more to her about it; and as time passed the episode was largely forgotten.

THEN one Sunday morning five years later as Theodora was about to set off for Dakota to teach the school for Indian girls she looked around and said, "I'm not going to leave home and perhaps never return"—for a journey to Dakota seemed a terribly long one in those days—"without confessing what I did with the cap box that time we went out to shoot a bear. I dropped it purposely in a crevice of the ledges up there. That old mother bear was so brave and was trying so hard to save her cubs I couldn't stand it to see her shot."

The Glory of Peggy Harrison

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

VIII. A Speeding Yellow Roadster

EVAN CROSBY'S sudden appearance, fur-coated and gauntleted, on the main floor of the Mammoth at eleven o'clock in the morning created a stir among the people of the store.

He worked fully as hard as any of them; he was not a kid-glove young man. After leaving Yale, he had started with the Mammoth as a delivery wagon helper. Although, in due course of events, he would eventually succeed his father as principal owner and president of the huge store, he had swung a shovel in the ash pits far underground; he had waited on customers for a year behind various counters; he had been buyer of knit goods and a clerk in the accounting department. Now, six years after starting, he was his father's right-hand man. But he had been through the mill; he used to say, half jestingly, that the work of a student at Yale was child's play in contrast to the work of a Mammoth employee.

Evan's career was much like that of most of his wealthy young friends. A generation ago they would have dawdled their lives away in clubs and at resorts and in travel. Now most of them were working hard, even the very richest, some in their fathers' businesses and others in political life and social service. A change has come over America in this respect; it is no longer fashionable to dawdle, and the rich young man who does so finds himself in a decided minority.

Evan swung through the main aisle of the store, with a cheery word for all the clerks he recognized, and went out of the door with a feeling like that of a schoolboy who has won an unexpected holiday. His car was waiting by the curb. It was a big, racing roadster from France. He got into it and stretched his long legs luxuriously across the soft upholstery of the driver's seat. "How far to Millville, Connecticut?" he asked the garage attendant who had brought it. "Seventy-five miles to New Haven," said the man. "Twelve more to Millville."

"Whew!" Evan's whistle cut the air like that of a traffic policeman. "And I said I could run out there in eighty minutes. Well, good-bye to you—I haven't much time for estimating road distances."

That was true. He used the big car very seldom; it was an unhandy thing in New York's awful traffic congestion. Evan threaded his way slowly into a swirl of trucks and taxicabs at Herald Square; when he took his foot off the accelerator the big engine died with a sound much like a human sigh. Evan pressed the starter, and the engine purred again, only to stall at the next crossing. A burly policeman, cross and loud-voiced, shouted at him. Taxi drivers honked their harsh horns. "A fellow's a fool to drive anything but a Ford, a Chev, a Star or an Overland on Manhattan Island today," he thought. "The smaller the better." His long, low-hung car with all its limitless capacity for speed took nearly an hour, in the dense traffic, to go no more than seven miles uptown to Pelham Parkway.

Then came more open stretches of highway; past Greenwich he let the French car out, and the big motor that had stalled so often in the city streets began to show what it could do on the broad highway. Evan sat in the low seat with all the comfort of a man lying on a soft sofa. He pulled his cap low over his eyes. On this business day, in early spring, the roads were uncrowded. Thirty-five miles, said the speedometer. Forty. Fifty-five. Evan sang under his breath with the sheer joy of swift motion. It was no trouble to hold the front wheels of the car steady against the wavering ribbon of road. So easily did the roadster steer, so free was it from vibration and side-sway, that Evan drove with less effort and danger than is possible to most of us at twenty miles an hour.

He lunched quickly on sausages and a glass of milk at a little restaurant near Chapel Street, New Haven, which had been his haunt as a Yale student. Then he turned



DRAWING BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

Peggy watched in fascination as the car raced toward her

out of the city to the left, and began to climb into the gentle Connecticut hills.

PEGGY was singing as she finished her housework. Despite all her feeling of anxiety and frustration, it was a day for song and laughter, for dancing on some level green; one of those days in early May that seem divinely sent to rouse our appreciation of the beauty of the world. The sky was a vast sheet of unclouded turquoise blue, the air still and balmy and full of the perfume of moist earth and early flowers. Peggy opened her bedroom window and propped it with a stick. She looked long at King's Hill, with its "turreted and battlemented castle" crowning the crest. Bathed in golden sunshine, "Pemberton's Folly" stood out in splendid silhouette against the blue sky. Once more Peggy thrilled at the sight of it, that magnificent, deserted monument to an ideal, to a dream.

While she stood there, duster in hand, a big automobile came speeding into view on the winding road that swept round the shoulder of the hill. It was a long, low-slung racing roadster, painted light yellow. There was only one person in it—a man in a brown fur coat.

"Gracious!" cried the girl suddenly, bringing her hands together at her throat.

For the car had leaped ahead, seeming to spurn the road; it was almost floating, like an airplane, along the straight stretch of road across the face of the hill, a streak of vivid yellow with the sunlight glittering on little points of silver. Peggy watched in fascination as the car sped along, slowing town at the foot of the hill where the road curved toward Millville, then picking up speed again as it raced toward her. She could not realize that it was her own destiny speeding onward so swiftly. Not until the car had vanished in the cluster of buildings round the railway station did she resume her dusting.

A moment later Henry Harrison, sitting at the window in the front room, called to his wife: "Elizabeth, come and look at the car that's parked out here. Je-rusalem! Enough to dazzle your eyes!"

Peggy and her mother dropped their work and joined Mr. Harrison at the window. They saw the driver of the car ask a question of a passer-by; they saw the man point in their direction; and they saw the driver stride across the street.

"Tourist," said Henry Harrison. "Big chap, isn't he? Probably stopping for ice cream or soda at the drug store."

There was a knock at the door—a well-bred knock. Peggy crossed the room to answer it. She opened the door, and then gasped with surprise. Cap in hand, and smiling pleasantly, Evan Crosby crossed the dark little hall.

"Why, Mr. Crosby!" exclaimed Peggy, feeling the blood mount to her face. And then, "Please come in and let me introduce you to my father and mother."

There could have been no better test of Peggy's innate poise and dignity than this introduction. Surprised and startled though she had been by seeing Evan Crosby, of all people, in her own little home at Millville, she was quick to recover herself. The poverty of her home, thrown into such high relief by contrast with Crosby's fur coat and splendid car, did not cause her eyes to waver or her voice to shake as she presented him to her parents. Then she offered him a chair—the least rickety chair in the room. There was not the slightest suggestion of apology in her manner. Evan Crosby's keen blue eye, so like his father's, missed very little as he surveyed the shabby room. He admired Peggy all the more for her poise, as any sensible man in his place must have done.

"What brings you to Millville?" asked Henry Harrison, when the little pause after the introduction was over.

"I'm playing hookey from the store," grinned the young man. "At least, I had such a fine drive up here that I felt as if it must be sinful, somehow."

"Scotch, aren't you?" asked Henry Harrison, unexpectedly.

"No—American. But my father was born in Glasgow," replied Evan Crosby. "May I ask how you guessed it?"

"By your conscience," said the older man, smiling. "Because a thing's pleasant, many men of your race and traditions have a notion it must be wrong. No matter. My daughter has spoken about you, and we are glad to welcome you here."

Evan Crosby smiled in his turn. There was something powerful and appealing in the personality of this elderly man, who was evidently so ill. Daughters are apt to resemble their fathers. Evan Crosby felt that he understood where Peggy derived her forceful quality. He spoke courteously to Mr. Harrison.

"I haven't answered your first question, sir," he said. "I am really here on business for the Mammoth Store, of which I am vice president under my father. We owe your daughter an apology for an injustice committed by one of our executives. My father and I regret very much that Miss Gribble made such a mistake."

"Oh!" exclaimed Peggy, unable to say more.

"Miss Gribble has been—well, transferred to a kind of work more congenial to her," added Evan Crosby. "She deals with statistics now, not with souls. She is out of the personnel department for good."

"I hope," said Peggy, "that nothing happened to her on my account."

"My daughter," put in Henry Harrison, "is entirely lacking in the spirit of revenge. Perhaps if she had a little more of it—"

"Your daughter," said Evan Crosby with emphasis, "has increased our sales by at least five million dollars this year, and that's what I am here to see her—and you too—about."

The words were stupefying. It was long before any of the Harrisons, Peggy least of all, could understand what Evan Crosby meant. He went over it patiently several times. He told how his father had been impressed by her plea for neighborliness and human feeling; how he had determined to try it, on a grand scale, in the Mammoth; how the first of Barnman Beal's advertisements had amazed the city; how Editor Melbourne had helped the good work along; how the Mammoth's sales, at first not increasing, had finally leaped ahead, and were now \$15,000 a day ahead of last year's records. "That means five million dollars increase for the year," he explained. "Miss Harrison told father all about Mr. Swan's wonderful drug store. I wonder if I could have a look at it."

He was all earnestness now, all business. Peggy rose and said she would go downstairs and see if any customers were in the little store. Evan Crosby rose, too. For an instant they stood side by side confronting the old people. Then, with a courteous bow, Evan Crosby followed her out.

"Henry," said Mrs. Harrison, "I don't pretend to understand all this—but did you ever see a finer-looking young man?"

"Or girl," said Henry Harrison firmly. "That boy is well enough, but Peggy is just as fine as he is—any day. Side by side, mother, they look like something out of the ancient Greek histories—like Hector and Andromache."

The comparison was an apt one. In his dark blue flannel business suit, with no jewelry showing except the thin gold links of his watch chain, Evan Crosby carried himself with the easy muscular and nervous grace of the famous athlete he had been. He was trained into hard condition at the gymnasium he attended every afternoon after business. He carried his head high, but without arrogance; and his blue eyes gazed directly into your face, under his mop of yellow hair. And Peggy, though so much shorter, was as blond and straight and supple as he. Together, they were a sight for the gods—they looked like the old Greek gods themselves.

"Twenty years ago," said Mrs. Harrison loyally, "you were a better-looking young man than Mr. Crosby is." She kissed his grarled, thin hand.

"I did win some running and wrestling prizes," said her husband. "You have to be pretty spry to win both. But that was before my heart went bad. It doesn't matter, Elizabeth; youth comes into its own all the time."

Downstairs, in the little drugstore, where Clara Burns had made things so neat and tidy, Jacob Swan was greeting a customer.

"Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Bannister," he was saying, with unconscious friendliness. "Just five cents' worth of gumdrops this morning? Why, of course. That's for your little Elsa now, I'm sure of it. Such a darling she is, and all well of the chicken pox? Yes, indeed, they get well as fast as they fall sick, it seems to me." He put the little bag into her hand and beamed at her.

"See that?" said Evan Crosby in a whisper. "Just what you told father about. That's what he calls the Millville Idea. Wish our salespeople could do it as well as Mr. Swan does."

"Of course they can," answered Peggy. "Everybody in the Mammoth would be just as friendly if they had a chance."

She paused, remembering the swarming crowds in the big store; the over-dressed and over-fed women who came so arrogantly to shop in the Mammoth; and the pale, short-tempered salesgirls who waited on them. Peggy wondered if she had said too much. But, no; human nature is the same everywhere. If the Mammoth's salespeople set an example of friendliness and service, the New York crowds would respond to it. Peggy felt sure of that. And Evan Crosby, standing beside her in the tiny Millville drug store, felt sure of it too.

"Excuse me a moment," he said. "I

want to see your parents again, if they will allow me."

He went away, and after Mrs. Bannister had left the store Jacob Swan advanced diffidently toward Peggy. "Hrrmph," he said, clearing his throat. "Peggy, I got some news for ye. Clara Burns and I are goin' to get married."

Impulsively Peggy stretched out both her hands. "Oh, Mr. Swan," she cried, "I am so delighted for both of you!"

"It does seem suitable," he went on, absurdly. "We're pretty nearly the same age, and I've saved more money since she made the store so clean and nice. I'm thinkin' of buildin' an addition at the side—four rooms mebbe—so we can go to housekeepin' in the fall."

Peggy congratulated him again and again; the little man had real dignity in his happiness; he was delighted when Peggy phoned to Clara to come right over to the store and be congratulated too.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Evan Crosby was talking earnestly to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. "I feel, and father agrees with me," he said, "that your daughter should accept some return for her wonderful suggestion; would she accept a regular check, do you think?"

"She would not," said Henry Harrison. "It wouldn't be fair or square to anyone. Come, Mr. Crosby! You're feeling extra good today, because you have had a fine ride, and because sales are going up in a dull business season. Just the same, I know how things will turn out. Some day sales will fall off again, and the other stores will have grabbed the Millville Idea, more or less, and this regular check will be nothing but a charity, a drain on the store."

"I see," said Evan Crosby. This elderly man had real business insight; his longer experience was valuable to the young man. He drew his chair nearer to Henry Harrison's sofa. "I think Miss Harrison should return to us. I wanted to offer her a good position

in our personnel department, but I think there is something much better. You see, we have had a sort of mutual-benefit association for our employees—a Men and Women's League, as we call it. Father guaranteed the funds, and I was made president—"

"Elected president?"

"No, father appointed me president." Evan flushed. Henry Harrison was putting his finger on vital things. The young man was accustomed to dominate other people in the store; here, in this dark and shabby little apartment, he had found a man who could dominate him. The sensation was new, but not wholly unpleasant. He looked at Mr. Harrison with obvious respect.

"I admit, sir," he went on, "that the old League was too paternal. We tried to do everything for the employees; we gave them sick benefits and insurance; we gave picnics and other parties; we tried in every way to increase their loyalty to the store in order to reduce labor turnover, as we call it. You've been in business, haven't you? You know how it is?"

"I was a carpenter," said the older man. "I became a contractor in a small way—a subcontractor on local buildings here in Millville. That was before my health failed."

"Well," said Evan Crosby, "the League didn't flourish at all."

"It couldn't have," said Henry Harrison. "The men and girls knew there was a joker in it."

"So we have virtually given it up; but the employees are now so much encouraged by making more money, in sales commissions, during the past few weeks that they are going to found a League of their own. They have asked me to come in as secretary-treasurer. Miss Blank and Miss Blank are the prime movers, and Mr. Houston of the delivery department is president. They want me to find some one who will give her

time, entirely, to being executive secretary. Miss Blank and Miss Blank saw something of your daughter. They have suggested her."

"Now that," said Henry Harrison, "is a real idea."

"She would always be the voice of the employees in dealing with my father and with the directors," said Evan Crosby. "She would run their parties, and their insurance plans, and their hospital and lunch rooms. She would always tell father and me when things were not going right; and I am sure she would have other business ideas to give us as good as the Millville Idea. Why, that was by far the best suggestion that ever came from an employee. I wish we had others as good."

"I can give you one," said Henry Harrison, unexpectedly.

"Sir?"

"Get rid of that word 'employee' which you use so much. Or else think of yourself as an employee too. You put your own time as well as your money into the business. You are employed by it. When you say 'employee' you seem to be thinking of some sort of different class from yourself. Now then, what's the difference?"

Evan Crosby frowned for a moment, and then recovered his poise with a smile. "I come from a college which fosters true democracy," he said, "and I believe in it, heart and soul—and yet, all these years, I have failed to understand it in my business. Thank you, sir; you have taught me something I'll never forget. And now, do you think that Miss Harrison will accept the offer we want to make to her? Will she come back to us? The salary would be fifty dollars a week to start. Do you think she will come?"

"I hear her coming up the stairs," said Henry Harrison, with a smile. "Why don't you ask her, yourself?"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Adventures of William Tucker

By GEORGE HALSEY GILLHAM

V. A PROFITABLE FIND

DRAWING BY
RODNEY THOMSON



It was a big, heavy box. Visions of buried gold flashed into our minds

THE shot that Ginie fired missed its aim, but she immediately fired the other barrel, and this time old Hicks jumped clean off the ground and let out a terrible yell. As he fell down Ginie ran up to him, and they grappled. Hicks wrenched the gun from her hands and threw it in the river and then gave her a shove that caused her to slide down the steep bank to the water's edge.

In the meantime Mr. Jenkins had swum round the stern of the boat and reached the shore on the other side. As Charley and I stood in the weeds on the high bank we saw Mr. Jenkins wading out on his long legs, but his "horse" pistol was gone. At that moment Hamon rushed out of the woods and started toward the boat. His long knife was in his hand, and he looked a perfect demon of fury, degeneracy and hate. Mr. Jenkins saw Hamon, and he observed the knife, the fury, the hate and the speed of the oncoming outlaw. He did not wait. Up the bank he came, Hamon after him. They shot through the weeds and out into the "big road," which was level and dusty. Charley and I ran too, at first, but we soon saw we could not keep up with that pair of race horses. We fell down flat in the weeds, and they thundered past us. A great cloud of dust rose in front of us and passed on north to the town. Our friend, the merchant who loaned us the lantern, said Mr. Jenkins won by fifty yards to his store and broke the world's record for a quarter mile.

Hamon gave up the chase just before he reached the village, and in a little while his boat had gone round the bend and was out of sight.

Hicks had made good his escape from Ginie and came limping into town. Ginie had peppered him with bird shot. Hicks took off his clothes, and I spent an hour with a pair of tweezers getting out the shot, which were just under the skin. As I worked on Hicks his remarks in reference to Ginie certainly must have made her ears burn.

We had one satisfaction. We did not think the superintendent of the express company at Memphis would make us divide the reward with Mr. Jenkins if we were ever so fortunate as to land Hamon behind the bars. That afternoon I wrote the express com-

pany, giving them all the information we had.

So we floated on down, having a lot of fun and selling a lot of merchandise but making much slower progress than we had thought likely. For one thing, we had to work those sweeps about five times as much as we imagined would be necessary. Our hands were blistered, and our backs were sore. Sometimes we got into eddies, which would turn us completely out of the main current and send us back in the opposite direction, headed for some creek or the bank.

Several days later I noticed that John did not look very bright, or frisky, or happy. He sat round and yawned and stretched, and it was not long before he said he felt sick. He got pale and became sicker and sicker. His lips and nails turned a dark blue, and he began to shiver and shake. He had a chill. He wrapped all the covers in the boat on him, but still he shook and was deathly sick. We gave him hot water to drink and then put black pepper in the hot water to make it hotter, and then put his feet in hot water. We had no medicine of any kind for chills, and there was nothing else we could do. After a little while John quit shaking, and before long his fever began to rise. Then he became just as hot as he had been cold.

We decided to make a landing and go on the hunt for chill medicine—quinine or chill tonic, or anything we could find. We tied up to the Arkansas shore, and Charley and I started out in the woods to hunt for the medicine.

We followed the river bank for a while and finally found a "blazed trail." When the early settlers wanted to make a road through these great forests, they simply took an axe and with a couple of strokes cut a big chip out of a tree, repeating this process about every hundred yards, sometimes on the right hand, sometimes on the left. When you found a "blazed trail" there was no chance to get lost, and you felt that you were traveling on a boulevard. We followed this blazed trail, and after a while we came to a very faint road through the cane brakes and woods. We walked on in this road a mile and a half or two miles. Then we suddenly came to a small clearing in the great forest. The clearing covered maybe ten or fifteen acres,

on which was growing a very healthy-looking crop of tall, dark-green Indian corn. There were also several acres of cotton that stood about as high as a man's head. The field was surrounded by a high stake-and-rider rail fence. The clearing was full of the giant skeletons of once splendid trees, which had been "deadened" by having the bark cut all round the trunk. The trees had been set on fire and burned, and hacked and chopped, and got rid of in any possible way.

At the far side of this clearing was a two-room log house, with a large porch or passageway between the rooms. A chimney made of mud and sticks stood at each end. Although the weather was hot, smoke was coming out of one of the chimneys, for these pioneers did all their cooking on the big wood fires in one or the other of the rooms. There was a little garden near the house.

According to the etiquette of the times, we stopped and called out in a loud and long note:

"Hello! Hello!"

After these formalities a tall and bony man appeared on the porch and called back:

"Who's thar?"

Charley and I both yelled out at once:

"We want some chill medicine."

He took us into one of the rooms and explained the situation to his wife while a bunch of bashful, tow-headed children stood in the corner and looked on.

They got us a bottle of quinine, about three-fourths of a bottle of chill tonic, a box of blue mass pills and some calomel powders, also some empty five-grain capsules, all of which they put in a big tin box and gave to us with a thousand kindly instructions as to the best way to administer these medicines. They also advised us to look out for the third and the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth chill days.

Charley and I after thanking our kind friend sincerely made haste to the boat. As we entered the cabin, we were surprised to see old Hicks on one of the cots with a lot of bed covers wrapped round him and shaking hard enough to loosen his teeth. Hicks also had a chill. John was on another cot, without any cover—very hot and very quiet.

Charley and I now had plenty of work to do. There were only two of us boys to navigate the boat and nurse the sick. We did not intend to stay tied to the bank all night and be eaten alive by mosquitoes.

I turned the running of the boat over to Charley and took care of the sick. As I knew Charley was a boy of good judgment and courage I felt perfectly safe, although he had no one to help him.

On the third day at their chill time I made both patients get into bed and cover up, having previously given them both very large doses of quinine. They passed the chill time all right without any signs of a return of the disease, and we all felt very much better. Some people have chills every day, but most chills come every other day. The longer you let them run the harder it is to rid your system of the malaria. I am proud to say neither of my patients had any more chills. I gave them pretty big doses, but the treatment killed the chills.

One day not so very far north of Helena, Arkansas, we sighted an island that was perhaps two miles in length and from a quarter to a half mile in width. Part of the island was covered with a thick growth of willows and young cottonwood trees. At either end there were great stretches of pure soft sand, fluted in graceful ruffles by the wind and water. We landed, and Charley and I started out with the shotgun and rifle to ramble over it from end to end in search of any adventure we could find, while John and Hicks got dinner.

We walked round the head of the island



"Don't crowd, gentlemen—we have a full cargo, and our gentlemanly clerks will supply you"

and then crept through the willows, which were very thick. We expected to find game, and were prepared, but everything was still and deserted. Finding nothing in the willows, we pushed on to the foot of the island, and came out on the open sand. The air was refreshing, and we felt more lively at once. There was a small pool of water in a sunken place in the sand. Charley stepped into it with his bare feet and began to wash the mud from his legs. Then he playfully gave a kick with one foot, for the purpose of splattering water on me. But I was surprised to see Charley double up and fall down on the sand, grabbing his foot in his hands, with evident sudden pain.

"Jiminy," he groaned, "I nearly busted my toe."

We made an investigation and found that Charley had kicked the sharp corner of some peculiar object buried in the sand. We scooped the water out of the small pool with our feet and hands, and began to dig away the sand. It was a big, heavy box. Visions of buried gold and other treasure flashed into our minds. We knew much gold and silver money and tableware had been buried during the Civil War. We got sticks and dug away the sand as best we could, but we soon saw that the box was bound by wire bands, and was very large and heavy.

We decided to get Hicks and John. However, we agreed that it would not do to leave the treasure unprotected; so Charley said he would run back to the boat while I stood guard with the gun.

At length Charley came back with John and Hicks. They brought with them a small axe, a shovel, two or three iron bars and a hatchet. They were much excited, and old Hicks was having a time navigating the sand with his peg leg. We all attacked the box, and hammered and dug and chopped, until we finally got it loose, so that by our united efforts we could roll it out of its bed. We were a little surprised to see in letters burned into the box the words "DRUG CO." Still, anyone might put gold into a medicine box. Hicks took the axe and hatched and pried off the top.

Then to our popping eyes was revealed a vast quantity of chill tonic, put up in the standard fifty-cent bottles. The contents were true to the brand on the outside. It was drugs we had—not gold. We after-

wards counted the bottles and found the case contained exactly six gross, or seventy-two dozen bottles of perfectly good chill tonic, even if the labels were a little wet and faded.

We were dumfounded and sat down on the box and in the sand to hold a consultation. It was plain that this box was treasure trove. We had found it there on an absolutely deserted and uninhabited island. It may have come from some wrecked steamboat. No one could tell how long it had been there. We decided that by all rules and marine customs and admiralty laws we were the lawful owners of six gross of good chill tonic.

"We'll make it two bottles for fifty cents," said John. "We will drop down to Helena and hold a sale right off the boat and cure all the chills in those parts. Six gross at 'two for fifty' will net more than two hundred dollars, won't it, Charley?"

We figured this out and found it would come to two hundred and sixteen dollars. The four of us had to make about six or seven round trips to the boat, carrying all the chill tonic we could lug. We had boxes and pans full, all of our pockets were crammed full, and a lot was stuffed under our shirts. Dinner was forgotten, but we got every bottle on board without breaking one, because the bottles would not crack when we dropped them in the sand.

NOW that we had a full cargo of chill tonic in our vessel we began to feel very important. The quicker we could get to Helena and hold the great sale on the levee the better it would suit us. We made very elaborate preparations. We had all the chill tonic stacked up on the forward deck, so that from a front view it appeared that the vessel was literally built of chill tonic. John was to do the talking, I was to take care of the "stock" and hand out the bottles to the customers. Charley was to sit on a keg near John and act as cashier, taking in the money and making change. Hicks was to have charge of the boat and see that no one came in the back door.

We sighted the prosperous little city of Helena early the next morning and came up to the levee near the wharf boat in grand style. John took some money and went up town. Before noon he came back with a bundle of hand bills which he had had printed, and which read about as follows:

THE OCEAN QUEEN WITH A FULL CARGO OF CHILL TONIC

is now on the levee alongside
the wharf boat

By handling in immense
quantities we are able to offer
this standard article in your
city for today only at the
unheard of price of

**TWO BOTTLES FOR
FIFTY CENTS
COME ONE—COME ALL
SALE STARTS**

PROMPTLY AT 2 P. M.
Why shiver and shake when
you can get this wonderful

tonic at
**TWO FOR HALF A
DOLLAR?**

Also a full line of general
merchandise

**Y. & M. V. NAVIGATION
COMPANY**

We three boys went up and down the levee, on the wharf boat and through the town distributing the hand bills. Some citizens smiled when they read our bills, but it was serious business for us. As a matter of fact the residence portion of Helena is, to a large extent, built on very high ground, which is the end of Crawley's Ridge, and the place is healthful enough; but as it happened there were plenty of people in town that day from the bottoms and up and down the river who were interested in chill tonic.

Charley was arrayed in all his silk finery, the same that he wore the day we left Memphis. He had also dug up from somewhere a large charcoal pencil. He had this behind his ear, and with his serious countenance he certainly looked as if he were ready for

business. I don't know what he was going to do with the pencil, as we scarcely expected any of our customers to open charge accounts, but it stands out vividly in my recollection. Charley got all the money there was in the boat. He had a lot of bills arranged between his fingers and a box full of silver in front of him.

John walked up on the levee and took off his hat in the manner of the ringmaster of a big circus making a speech to call attention to the extraordinary concert to follow.

"L-A-D-I-E-S AND G-E-N-T-L-E-M-E-N," called John, in loud and long-drawn-out tones. "The sale of standard chill tonic—the regular fifty-cent size at two bottles for half a dollar—will now begin on board the Ocean Queen. Step this way, everybody, if you please."

A large crowd began to gather. There were roustabouts and country negroes, white people from the shanty boats nearby and a lot of people from the town.

John mounted a box on the bow in front of our great stack of chill tonic and began his oration.

"We have here," shouted John, holding up in his hand a bottle of chill tonic, "one of the most wonderful remedies ever compounded by the medical and pharmaceutical professions." Those large words suited his audience, which was getting interested. "It will not only cure chills and fevers and agues, but it will purify your blood and tone up your entire system. Gentlemen, you cannot refuse this great benefit to mankind. Two whole bottles for fifty cents. Anybody else now. Don't crowd, gentlemen—we have a full cargo, and our gentlemanly clerks will supply you all."

You should have seen the withering look Charley shot at John when he called him a "clerk." The crowd simply fought to get the bargain in chill tonic. The air was full of black and white hands holding up money. John kept on talking. He vividly described the symptoms and various stages of a hard chill. He was well acquainted with his subject, and his audience knew enough to know his descriptions were accurate. They were sympathetic. Charley was covered with money. Hicks had to hold people back to keep them from running over him. I was handing out pairs of bottles as fast as I could work my arms, and shouting at Charley all the time for change. John never let up, and every customer who went

away with two bottles would tell some one else, and more people would come down to the Ocean Queen. Some customers would buy half a dozen or a dozen bottles at a time. This kept up for an hour or more, until we had only about a dozen bottles left.

Suddenly I saw a quick change in John's face. He stopped talking, and his gaze was fixed on one spot. I looked out in the crowd, and there was Hamon.

In a moment Hamon pointed his finger at John, squinted his eyes, snapped his jaws with a click and said:

"What did you lie to me for? Here you are with that dog Hicks."

As he said "Hicks" he seemed to fly into an uncontrollable passion. He leaped like a tiger at Hicks. Our friend with the

peg leg hesitated not. He dived instantly into the Mississippi River, on the deep side of the boat, while John fell off his box and tumbled head first into the river on the shallow side. The crowd was panic stricken and scattered in every direction to get out of the way. Charley was busy picking up money all over the deck. A deputy sheriff came aboard with a drawn pistol. Hamon grappled with the sheriff, wrenched the pistol from his hand and threw it on the deck. Then with one powerful blow on the officer's jaw he knocked him senseless. Hamon leaped to the levee, ran under a wharf into a thicket of willows and escaped.

Hicks swam ashore, but when the came out of the water he was shaking like a dog. He said he trembled on account of the

sudden ducking, but we thought there were other reasons.

Some other officers came up and revived their fallen comrade while we told them what we knew about Hamon and asked them to capture him if they could.

We picked up some more of the scattered money, shut all the doors and got inside and counted it. We had two hundred and one dollars. Maybe we had lost some of the money, but we felt pretty rich with two hundred dollars in real cash, which was all clear profit, as the proceeds of our "treasure trove" chill tonic.

But the sweets of life are often followed by the bitter. We had not enjoyed our newly acquired wealth over half an hour when a policeman came aboard and wanted to see our "privilege license." We did not

know anything about a "privilege license," but we wanted to play the game fair and square and meet all our lawful obligations.

Charley got his leather sack of money, and he and I went up to the Mayor's office to see about this license business. The clerk in the city hall told us our "privilege license" would cost five dollars a day. We could take it out for as many days as we pleased, he said, but we must not sell anything unless we had a license for each and every day we were doing business. We dug ten dollars out of the bag and bought a license for two days. The clerk gave us a certificate, which we took back and tacked up in the Ocean Queen store. We certainly did hate to part with that ten dollars, but everyone has to do his share for the public good.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

What Was He Like at Work?—4

Theodore Roosevelt

By LOREN PALMER

SOME ONE was leaning over my seat in the Pullman. I looked up to see who was so interested in the book I held. The man who placed a short, powerful hand on the page of print was the great hero of my boyhood. He was the man who wrote *Ranch Life* and the *Hunting Trail*, the book that set all the youngsters of my day to plaiting quirts out of leather thongs bought or wheedled from the cobbler, and in imagination riding range and fighting cattle rustlers years before the motion pictures and Bill Hart had made the West familiar romance to everybody. The fact that the man happened at that moment to be the President of the United States was of less importance.

The book which the President took from my hand and began to leaf over rapidly was a volume of Stevenson's poems.

"Here it is," said the pleasant, incisive voice. "This is my favorite Stevenson." And the President read aloud:

*"For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks:
To him the shepherd folds his flocks.
For those he loves that underprop
With daily virtues Heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.
Those he approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands
And still with laughter, song and shout
Spin the great wheel of earth about."*

The reader repeated the last two lines of the poem and laid the volume on my knee. I have the book beside me as I write. On the margin of the page is a penciled note: "T. R. said this best expressed his idea of the way to live."

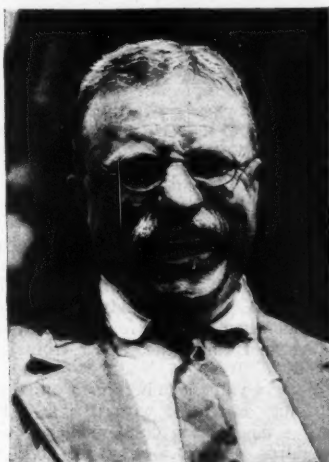
T. R.—of course you've recognized the initials. It is interesting that Theodore Roosevelt and Robert Louis Stevenson, the man who found his inspiration in the poem and the man who wrote it, should have had the best known and most beloved initials in the world. Those last lines,

*And still with laughter, song and shout
Spin the great wheel of earth about,*

are so much T. R. that you would have thought R. L. S. had him in mind when they were written, had that been possible. For Colonel Roosevelt's days on earth were days of joyous work. Do you remember the great cartoon that J. N. Darling drew when my hero died? It showed the colonel astride a wiry bronco, turning in his saddle as the horse topped the rise of the Great Divide and with upflung hand waving the battered Rough Rider hat in a hail and farewell. Darling called it, "The Long, Long Trail," but in my own mind I have always captioned it, "He Had a Bully Time."

I was privileged to see him have a part of that bully time; to see Colonel Roosevelt at work and at play; to be by his side when he faced the biggest fight of his life, and to have a last glimpse of him a few months before the great flame died down and flickered out.

Here is what I best remember:



He had a bully time!

A man who knew a great deal, as our human knowledge goes, of life and of books, and who was very simple about it.

A man who loved the out-of-doors and to whom the life of forest and plain and field was so absorbing that he could and did interrupt the eloquence of an ambassador of a great nation to give ear to a warbler's song.

A man who was interested in *everything* and *everybody*, not with the easy going interest of the clever politician, but with the wholehearted interest of an active-minded boy.

A man who worked hard with his body and with his mind and who kept fit that he might be able to do what he had to do with all his might.

AND all the many things he did were done "with laughter, song and shout." Not that Mr. Roosevelt was much of a singer. His vigor, as he joined in the hymns in the little church at Oyster Bay, was the most outstanding part of the performance. The notes that rolled out of that great barrel of a chest that he'd built upon the puny frame that was his as a youngster had much more power than tune. But there was no doubt that it was a joyous performance.

After church one early spring morning I joined Colonel Roosevelt to walk with him back to Sagamore Hill. We talked, as we walked. Someone in a newspaper editorial had referred to him as a "superman." I remarked that the paragrapher had chosen an excellent example. Mr. Roosevelt halted abruptly and made a most emphatic denial of the gift of greatness. Until the other day I had liked to think that what he said was said to me alone; then I read a review of a book about him by O. K. Davis and learned that the colonel had told Mr. Davis in substance the same thing he told me. But perhaps this only shows how intensely T. R. had thought about the matter. Any-

way, as he put a climax on his chat with me that rather betters Mr. Davis' story, I believe the incident is worth telling.

"Superman!" said Colonel Roosevelt, his voice rising. "Not at all. I know a great many men who do all the things I do and do them better. I don't shoot very well, though I have killed most kinds of big game. I don't shoot well because my eyesight is poor and I have to be close to my mark before I can see it. The same applies to boxing. I like to box, and I have boxed with some very good men, but I never was really good as a boxer. I know dozens of men who ride better than I do. I play bumblepuppy tennis—" Here he laughed at the picture of strenuous ineptness his words called up.

He paused a moment and then went on more seriously. "As you know, I'm not much of an orator, though I have done a great deal of public speaking. I have written much but I cannot take high rank as a writer."

Another pause, and then his face lighted up with the famous smile, and his blackthorn stick thumped an imaginary head as he exclaimed: "No, I don't do anything exceptionally well, but by George I work at it!"

You might say that Mr. Roosevelt had understated his skill in some things and that he left out of his list some of the most important of his attributes of greatness—his ability to attract followers from all ranks of mankind, his courage and his shrewd sense of values. But those who had called him a superman had dwelt on his physical side because it seemed extraordinary that a man of his day should be not only the leader of his nation but also Rough Rider, big game hunter, explorer, naturalist and author. Any one of his major activities would have made him noted, but he knew that when the world marveled at him it was his untiring physical energy that they thought of first of all. And he wanted it made clear that his success in all his undertakings lay not in unusual *natural skill* but came about because, as he said, "by George I work at it!"

EVERYBODY knows that he started with the handicap of a rather frail body. Few knew until after his death that he had for years been practically blind in one eye as the result of a blow received while boxing. But the bad eyesight no more halted his hunting nor dulled interest in bird study than the frail body had halted his adventures as a boy. If he couldn't do a particular thing as easily as others he could at least work at it twice as hard. And don't forget that his hard work wasn't the dull, plodding sort—the "greasy grind" sort. Rather it was the hard work of the trained athlete who finds keen pleasure in the smooth working of mind and muscle.

How did he keep in condition? It wasn't complicated. So far as I know the colonel never practiced a system. He rode, walked, played tennis, swung an axe, rowed a boat, boxed or exercised hard enough to get his pores open and set his lungs at work every day he could. I don't believe he thought of it as *exercise*, but as *play*, and the wise men are

telling us today that only when exercise is play does it do us real service.

He was temperate in all things, even in work, since in spite of the tremendous amount he accomplished he never to my knowledge carried himself to either physical or mental exhaustion. He didn't smoke, although he made no merit of his abstinence, and he was a spare user of stimulant of any kind. Above all, so far as I could observe, he didn't worry—he was too busy to be a victim of that most tiring and useless of exercises.

Two pictures I have—one of a visit to Sagamore Hill in late winter. The colonel was refusing himself to newspaper reporters, but I'd made a long cold journey and meant to see him. Disappointed by the assurance of Lee, the colored butler, that the colonel was not in, I was driving back to the village when away off across the fields I saw a man at work chopping down a tree. There were many axemen at work in the chestnut groves along the road, but this particular axewielder seemed to put more vigor into his stroke than was common. I halted my driver and walked towards the chopper. I was not mistaken; a hundred yards of walking and I had caught Mr. Roosevelt at his favorite work. And a few minutes later, leaning on his axe, he was cutting into the political situation as keenly and giving his opponents as resounding blows as had recently been the fate of the blasted chestnut.

THE other picture is of Mr. Roosevelt a few months before his death. He was seated in his library composing a reply to some English statesman—Lord Lansdowne, I think it was—and, being absorbed in his work, he was lunching at the same time on crackers and milk. Apparently it had been a spoonful of food and a sentence of writing, and so on, before I was announced. He finished his lunch as we talked, and I noticed that he was unhurried about it. He wasn't chancing indigestion even when pressure of work had pushed lunch time out of the day's program.

That one time when he was tired and worn? It was when he came back from his exploration up the Amazon—the time he discovered the River of Doubt. Fever had broken him and as he landed in the cove at Oyster Bay he leaned heavily on his stick and on the arm of a relative. I thought I saw death in his face. But next morning he seemed to have recovered with incredible swiftness. He stood on the drive beside the house looking out across his fields and over the tree tops to the blue of the Sound.

"I've traveled over most of the world," he said, "but there is no place to compare with this."

"Then why did you leave it to go adventuring in South America?" I asked.

The colonel's eyes sought the far reaches of the Sound again as he answered slowly: "I knew that I'd come to the time of life when if I was to do anything that called for great exertion or endurance I'd have to do it now—" He paused a moment and added: "In fact I waited a little too long!"

That was the only admission of defeat that I ever heard from Mr. Roosevelt. He had measured his strength against the perils of the Amazon jungle, and just that once he had perhaps overestimated his power of endurance. But there still remained to him many days in which he could still joyously

Spin the great wheel of earth about.

FACT AND COMMENT

A CERTAIN TEST of friendship is the feeling with which we learn of the good fortune or aggrandizement of friends; more especially when they are raised a degree or two above our own level.—The Youth's Companion, November 9, 1827.

Your Deeds may not thunder or lighten,
Yet do what is fit to your Hand.
The Ants are not shamed that they heighten
Their Hill by their Atoms of Sand.

EVEN THE SUN itself seems to be infected by the modern mania for speed. The astronomers report that twenty-seven great sun spots, one of them 175,000 miles long, have appeared on its surface, although the scheduled period of maximum sun-spot activity is still two years away.

LOVERS of the fringed gentian—and that probably includes everybody who loves any flowers—will be interested to know that the New York Botanical Garden has a quantity of seed that will be given free to those who wish to plant them. No one who is fortunate enough to get some of the seed should be disappointed that the plants do not bloom the first year. Their growth in the beginning is slow, but by the second fall they should be five or six inches tall and should blossom.

BOYS CAN HELP to preserve our wild game by sending to Prof. Alfred O. Gross of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, or to Prof. A. A. Allen of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., any specimens of ruffed grouse that they may happen to find dead. A somewhat alarming decrease in the numbers of this, perhaps our noblest game bird, has led ornithologists to believe that some disease is at work, and discoveries already made have partly confirmed that belief. They want specimens for examination.

THE LOWEST RENT in the world is probably the pennig (about a quarter of a cent) that a tenant family of Schleswig-Holstein has paid annually for two hundred and fifty years to members of the noble house of Rantzau. As one might suspect, there is romance in the story. Two centuries and a half ago the Count Rantzau of that day was hunting and rode into a swamp. The horse sank, and the count shouted for help. Rheinhard Brauer, a farmer, rescued him at the risk of his life. He would take no money reward, but when the count insisted on making some return he said, "Well, if you must give me something, let me have the swamp." And so the rent was fixed at a pennig, and the same family of tenants has paid it to the same family of landholders ever since.

THOSE FOREIGN DEBTS AGAIN

THE lively debate in the Senate over the ratification of the debt agreements made by our government with Italy and Belgium brought out with great clearness the difficulties that attend any such arrangements and the danger to our friendly relations with other countries that inheres in the whole disagreeable situation. Senators who, for partisan or personal reasons, are willing to make any trouble they can for the Administration, or who are indifferent to whether our neighbors think well or ill of us, were insistent that we should insist on a discharge in full of the debts the European nations owe us, together with interest at four and one half per cent until the last dollar is paid. On the other hand we learned from Senator Smoot that the French, at least, do not believe they owe us anything, since they regard their services in holding the common enemy at bay for more than a year while we were getting ready to fight were worth all and more than they borrowed from us. Both positions are extreme, and neither could be followed out logically without leaving an immense amount of ill will behind. It is the greatest argument for the agreements already made that they take a middle ground, on which the nations can meet with some degree of friendliness.

Everyone would get a saner and more human view of the situation if they would stop talking about "France" and "Italy" and the "United States" and the "international bankers" and consider the real



A much discussed war memorial in London. The monument, which stands near Hyde Park Gate, is in memory of the dead of the Royal Artillery service. Many artists are inclined to condemn it, on the ground that a piece of machinery, like a modern howitzer, is not suited to artistic treatment

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

By Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University

IF you trace the historic development of the word "university," you will discover that it originally meant a corporation of almost any sort, and that only gradually it came to be applied to that sort of organization for the pursuit of learning which grew up in Europe in the early Middle Ages under the name of *Studium Generale*. Such institutions are the universities of Oxford, Paris and Berlin. The differences between these universities are owing to historic causes and to the temperamental differences of the nations of whose life and thought they are typical. What they have in common is a definite organization of skilled teachers and seekers after truth, surrounded by a body of eager students, who, having already completed the earlier stages of formal education, are engaged upon some form of study that may truly be described as advanced.

In America, you will find a somewhat different situation. Here the word university has been very loosely used to gratify personal ambition and local pride. Sometimes a "university" is simply a college of the well-known American type. Sometimes it is a loose organization of professional schools and public lecture courses, without any of the characteristics of an historic university.

It is important not to confound a university with a college. A college does not become a university by growing old, or rich, or numerous in its attendance. A college has one sort of job to look after, and a university has a quite different job. Our American colleges, whether de-

tached, like Amherst, or Swarthmore, or Grinnell, or embodied in a genuine university system, as at Harvard, Columbia and Chicago, are not universities. The two kinds of institutions are not less distinct when they are found side by side than when they exist apart from each other.

Nor does a college become a university if it has associated with it a school of law, of engineering or of medicine, with standards of admission that are no higher than those of the college itself. When such a group is found it is not a university, but merely a college with affiliated professional schools.

The essential facts about a true university are, first, that the students have been adequately trained by a sufficiently prolonged study of language, literature, history, mathematics and the sciences; second, that they are led into special fields of learning and research by teachers of authority and originality; and third, that knowledge, in addition to being conserved and taught, is advanced by research and disseminated by publication.

It is not necessary, or even possible, that there should be a true university in every city or even in every state. But it is highly important that every nation should have from two to half a dozen great centers of higher instruction and advanced intellectual activity that are true universities. In such institutions a nation finds the highest expression of its intellectual life and the best means of making its permanent contribution to the advancement of knowledge and of civilization.

people who are paying and who have got to pay the bills for the war, and the real people who are expected to advance more money as it is needed to the still-burdened governments of Europe. The French, for example, would do well to realize that our government has no power to remit the debt France owes us. If the French do not pay it, some one else will have to, and that some one will not be a rich United States government, but the taxpayers of this country, poor as well as rich. They will have to pay the interest, and the principal too, on those bonds that our Treasury sold to get the money to advance

to the French back in 1917 and 1918. Those bonds represent a debt of our government as well as a debt of the French government. And no government has any money to pay its debts with, save what it gets by assessing the taxpayers.

Furthermore, the Senators who were so much troubled because the "international bankers" were to get seven per cent interest on the money they expect to lend to the Italian government, after the debt agreement is ratified, forget that the bankers merely advance the money. They will get very little of the seven per cent interest.

That will go mostly to the citizens of the United States to whom the bankers expect to sell the bonds that Italy will issue.

Whether France and Italy produce a sufficient exportable surplus of wealth to pay us their debts in full is a question on which experts disagree; but what is certain is that the money to pay any or all of those debts will come, not out of any store of gold that the governments possess, but out of the pockets of the French and Italian taxpayers, a few of whom are well-to-do and most of whom are what we should call poor.

Perhaps taking this personal and realistic view of the matter will change nobody's mind about it; but it will at least dispel a few of the bogie men that disturb the rest of French and American politicians' nights, and it may bring the problem far enough out of the mist of political prejudice to hasten its final settlement.

THE BOY'S DOG

EVERY boy should have a dog, for a dog will teach him things that even the best schoolmaster may overlook and will provide him with a companionship that no human associate can furnish. A dog is loyal, truthful, docile, forgiving, sympathetic, obedient. He does not argue with you when you bid him do a thing, but, once you have made your meaning plain to him, he does it. He understands your mood without words; and be it grave or gay, he shares it. When you leave him he howls or whines in desolate grief, and when you return to him he pours out his very soul in an ecstasy of welcome. If you break your leg in a wilderness, he will stay with you till he starves to death, or will go at once for help, as you may order. In short, he lives only in you and for you, and that should make any master a little more kindly, more loyal, more willing to serve those to whom he himself owes allegiance.

But what name shall a boy's dog bear? A list of the entries on the winners at a bench show is a depressing thing to read. Here is Boggins's Springtime Dewdrop II, and the Wadhurst Kennels' Tin Peddler, and Finnegan's Connemara Kid, and Grimes's Rutabaga Roughhouse, and a hundred other names like them—names that belong, all of them, no doubt, to dogs of noble pedigree and notable points, but not to boys' dogs. What right-minded boy who wants a dog for companionship would think of calling him Yackins's Yolloper III, or Doolittle's Daredevil Demon?

No; a boy's dog may be of as proud lineage as you please, but both he and the boy should forget it as soon as possible and seek a name that, instead of flaunting aristocracy, will make the relation between them human rather than commercial. What does a real boy care about the records of the stud book? He knows by experience that

*Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.*

The canine gravestones of memory are rich with the names and virtues of Pontos and Rovers and Neptunes and Neros and Sheps and Spots and Lions and spider-legged Fidoes. Those are the proper names for a boy's dog, for in use most of them are shortened to monosyllables, like the answering thump of the dog's tail on the floor; and no boy is going to waste time on a polysyllabic name to call a friend that he needs so often as a dog, when a word of one syllable will do as well.

YOUTH IN HARNESS

SOMETHING has just happened that may well startle those discouraged souls who are continually lamenting the passing of the old-fashioned virtues and bemoaning the irresponsibility of modern young people.

A conference met at Princeton to discuss world affairs, and especially the question whether the United States should enter the World Court. The delegates were neither statesmen nor politicians nor men known to the public in any other capacity; they were students from colleges and universities in all parts of the country—three hundred of them, representing two hundred and forty-five educational institutions. They were duly elected by nearly one hundred and thirty thousand of their fellow students and authorized to speak for them.

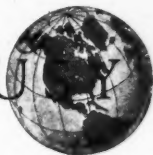
They did speak, and emphatically, but not hastily or without good counsel, for they heard speeches on both sides of the great question by some of the ablest men in the country. Then they voted, 244 to 6, in favor of the United States' entering the World Court under the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations. By representation the vote stood 100,943 in favor of the Administration plan, 7930 in favor of the Borah plan of a court entirely separate from the League of Nations, and 19,805 against our entering the court at all.

The earnestness, the interest, the atmosphere of responsibility were in themselves enough to make the conference a noteworthy event, but they were not all. Having expressed itself on the question that had called it together, the meeting went on to take up of its own initiative some other important things that older persons have long been discussing without getting anywhere—over-emphasis on sports, weaknesses in fraternity and sorority life, artificial standards in social affairs and other like matters; and, having

put their views into resolutions, they made the organization permanent and set up the necessary machinery to keep it going. The next meeting will be held at the University of Michigan. College men and college women, instead of being interested only in frivolities, are facing life with an earnestness that their elders took years to reach.

Five years ago Mr. Herbert Hoover made a notable address at the Tufts College commencement. "I do not think the great adventure of opportunity will be mine," he said. "I and the people of my generation will go away more or less ashamed of ourselves. We older people, ashamed of many things, very much ashamed, are going away, and are leaving you to finish the work that was given us to do—the work of fulfilling, according to what lights we had, the eternal purpose of the universe. . . . I will not pity you because you cannot walk in our lazy Eden of the years before 1914, for you will be making the arid world outside the Garden a better Eden than any that we knew."

THIS BULB WORLD



Muzzling Colonel Mitchell

The military court that tried Colonel Mitchell for conduct prejudicial to discipline in the Army reached the expected conclusion when it found him guilty. It can hardly be denied that Colonel Mitchell's virulent attack on his superior officers and on the general conduct of the air service in both Army and Navy was in violation of all the rules that have guided the conduct of military officers from time immemorial. If that sort of thing were permitted, our services of defense would soon become as quarrelsome as a bear garden. The proper course was for Colonel Mitchell to resign, if he was determined to say the things he did say, in the public way in which he said them. But he did not resign, and thereby he laid himself open to punishment. The sentence of the court—suspension without rank, pay or privileges for the term of five years—is ingeniously contrived to prevent the colonel from making any more trouble, for he remains subject to all the restrictions and responsibilities of an Army officer without any of the corresponding rights and remunerations. His mouth is closed, unless he wishes to expose himself to further punishment. No doubt he would have much preferred to be dismissed from the Army. But he has friends in Congress who are already at work to get the sentence set aside by legislative action, and there is a chance that President Coolidge will see fit to reduce the time of Colonel Mitchell's suspension to two or three years.

Our National Budget

The fiscal year of the United States government is not the calendar year. It begins on July 1 and ends on the following June 30. So the proposed budget of national expenses which the President transmitted to the new Congress covers the expected expenses for the last half of 1926 and the first half of 1927. The ordinary expenses of government are estimated at \$1,845,546,960. To that is added \$515,583,398, which it is proposed to use in reducing the principal of the national debt, and \$795,000,000, which must be paid in interest on that debt; \$740,000,000 more is the cost of the postal service, but that will be almost or quite met by the postal revenues. Altogether the Treasury must find \$3,156,130,358; but it is estimated that it can not only do that but put aside a surplus of \$330,000,000 by the end of the year. The surplus for 1925 was estimated to be \$67,884,489, but it turned out at the end of the year to be more than \$250,000,000. The surplus for the current year was originally estimated at \$373,000,000; it now appears that it will be not more than \$262,000,000.

The Chinese Seesaw

Dispatches from China, where fighting is in progress between the ambitious generals who desire to control the central government, are obscure, but they seem to show that Chang Tso-lin, who has been for years dictator in Manchuria and the most consistently successful of the local chieftains, is at last faced with revolt among his followers and has been obliged to give ground

before the Christian general Feng. One report says he has fled to Japan, whose agent in China he has always been suspected of being. Feng is at present in control at Peking, but General Wu, who, only a year or so ago was at the bottom of the seesaw and an exile, is back at the head of an army that seems to command the great central provinces. Whether he and Feng—who used to be friends, but have lately been enemies—will fight or make friends no one yet knows. Neither is it certain that Chang is done for; indeed, the latest report is that his army has again got the upper hand in Manchuria.

The Disarmament Conference

It is increasingly probable that a conference of the European nations looking to a limitation of armaments will be held this year under the auspices of the League of Nations. A committee to draw up the agenda for the conference is expected to meet very shortly. An invitation is sure to be extended to the United States, and, since naval as well as land armaments are to be discussed, it will probably be wise for this country to be represented.

Cold Weather in Europe

The prophets who predicted a severe winter are already justified so far as western Europe is concerned. In France they have had as cold weather as has ever been recorded. The thermometer has dropped to twenty-nine degrees below zero in the Jura mountains, and they have had snow squalls on the Riviera. Villages in the Ardennes Forest in Belgium are buried in snow and threatened by wild boars, driven savage by hunger. Switzerland has had unusually cold weather, but they are used to cold weather there and do not complain. There is good skating in Paris, and also in London, and all other kinds of outdoor sports have had to be abandoned. A good deal of suffering is reported in the towns of both France and England, where the heating arrangements are not designed to meet such extreme temperatures.

Another Pharaoh to Be Disinterred

Professor Reisner, the head of the Harvard-Boston expedition in Egypt, is about to open a royal tomb which is in many respects more interesting than that of Tutankhamun. It is that of King Seneferu, one of the very early rulers of Egypt, who according to some authorities lived about 4200 B.C.—almost as long before the time of King Tut as that was before the time of Shakespeare. The tomb lies under the shadow of the Great Pyramid, and its existence was not suspected until some excavations around the base of the pyramid disclosed it last year. Seneferu's tomb can hardly disclose such magnificent works of art as were found buried with Tutankhamun, for Egyptian civilization in his day was far more primitive. But it is not too much to expect that objects will be found which will throw a great deal of light on the mysterious beginnings of civilization on the banks of the Nile.

In HIGH GEAR every minute!

This is why authorities urge a HOT cereal breakfast for children



TUNED UP like racing cars—these young half-grown Americans! They spend energy so recklessly—as though the supply were never-ending.

The greatest essential of these fast-growing years is to keep the energy supply equal to the demands.

School and nutrition authorities all agree that one of the most valuable sources of vital energy is a good hot cereal breakfast.

"A well-cooked cereal should form an essential part of a child's breakfast." This is a first principle of nutrition urged by the U. S. Bureau of Education.

The hot cereal breakfast advised by children's specialists

For 30 years, now, physicians have advised one hot breakfast cereal as filling a child's needs particularly well. Cream of Wheat! It is the quickest, the easiest and most satisfying breakfast you can give your children.

In Cream of Wheat is a wonderful store of life-giving energy substance—carbohydrates.

The value of Cream of Wheat energy is far greater than that of many foods, because of its simple form. It is digested so quickly and easily that all of its rich energy is ready for use at once. None is wasted in long, hard digestive work.

Be sure, above all things, that the great energy need of children is kept constantly, fully supplied. See how com-

pletely a Cream of Wheat breakfast fills it—for the whole morning! It is so delicious, too—creamy and rich and satisfying. Try it tomorrow morning; you can cook it while the toast and coffee are being made.

Prize Winners of the Cream of Wheat Recipe Contest

Dishes for grown-ups

- FIRST PRIZE, \$100—Mrs. B. B. Wilson
Indianapolis, Ind.
SECOND PRIZE, \$75—Mrs. G. P. Garland
Piedmont, Calif.
THIRD PRIZE, \$50—Mrs. Lillian Ford
Syracuse, N. Y.
FOURTH PRIZE, \$25—Mrs. Nancy Friel Jones
Covington, Ky.

50 additional prizes, of \$5 each, were awarded in this class

Dishes for children

- FIRST PRIZE, \$100—Mrs. Sam Yoder
Berne, Ind.
SECOND PRIZE, \$75—Mrs. Jesse J. Murphy
Oakland, Calif.
THIRD PRIZE, \$50—Mrs. Geo. H. Steffan
Augusta, Ga.
FOURTH PRIZE, \$25—Mrs. Emily T. Busby
Rutherford, N. J.

50 additional prizes, of \$5 each, were awarded in this class



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- ☐ Please send me free recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat".
☐ Please send me free booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children".
☐ Please send me free trial box of Cream of Wheat.

Name.....

Address.....



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The MISCELLANY PAGE

THE THREE GRACES

By

Ruby Weyburn Tobias

*I never thought I'd like to be a cook
Until I saw Louella
Steal magic from a small red-covered book
And store it in the cellar;
Until I saw her slim white fingers charm
A hundred luscious flavors
From all the common things around the farm
And pass them out as favors!*

*I never thought the simple urge to sew
Would ever seize my fancy
Until I watched intriguing stitches grow
On garments made by Nancy;
Till, seated with the sunlight on her hair,
I saw her coax dull duty,
(Plain fabric that a romping child may wear)
Into a thing of beauty.*

*I never had the gardening complex
Until, observing Polly,
I learned how brandishing a trowel wrecks
All care and melancholy;
Until I marked a rainbow at her feet
Wherever they descended
And guessed how many lives were made more
sweet
By posies that she tended.*

*The poets and the painters and the bards,
Who star the skyeey places,
Perhaps won't miss them, if a few awards
Alight on humbler graces;
On all the little housewives, if you please,
Who steadily are giving,
With that rare smile on which the world agrees
Free lessons in fine living.*

WHAT THE GARDENER SAW

JACK DYNES had been badly crippled in the Great War, and he was a very long time in the hospital. A warm friendship grew up between him and the chaplain. But, in spite of all that the chaplain had done to lead Jack into the way of trust in God, the soldier would not or could not believe.

"Can't get any hold on Him, padre, try as I will," said Jack, frankly. "Prayer does not seem to get me anywhere. My soul is just the same old hardpan. There's no feeling or faith in me."

The chaplain noticed that, as spring came on, Jack became restless. He was delighted when anyone remembered him and brought him some flowers.

"They are the breath of life to me," he said one day, as he almost hugged a big bouquet to his breast. "I know how to make such things grow."

And when Jack could at last leave the hospital one of the first things he did was to buy a little land. The chaplain, who loved Jack, often went to visit him in his little home.

"You have not much of a place here," he said once. "The soil is hard clay. What can you make of it? And the weeds have such a hold!"

Jack laughed.

"Come again, padre," said Jack; "come again, and keep coming, and, ere fall, you'll see something."

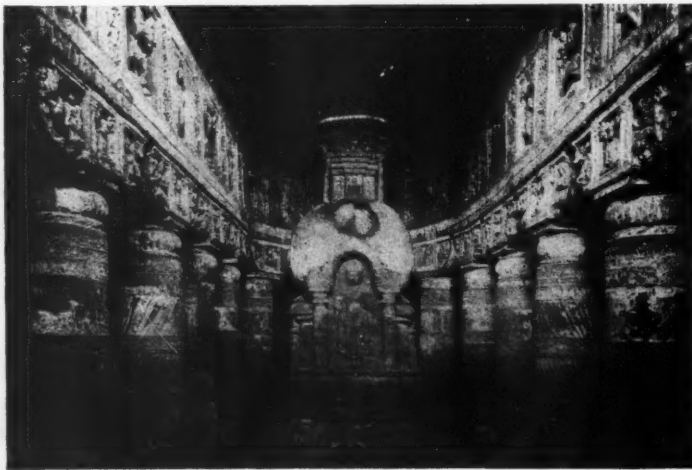
And one day when the chaplain came he found the little garden a mass of bloom. The stubborn soil had been broken up, the weeds cast out, seeds and bulbs planted; and now this glorious vision! He stood by the gate, enchanted.

"See something, padre?" greeted Jack, cheerily, coming up with a hoe on his arm. "That's what I saw when I set eyes on this place. You said the soil was hard and weedy, but I knew what it could do."

"It is a glorious sight, Jack," said the chaplain. "And, Jack, I see something else. There's a parable for you here. When you will let the Lord have his way with you, as this stubborn soil let you have your way with it, your soul will glow with heavenly graces, and the Lord will manifest his grace in and through you. That's what the Heavenly Gardener sees in your soul."

"But I broke up this soil and put in these seeds," said Jack, as though arguing.

"Well, that's what the Lord wishes to do



A BEAUTIFUL ROCK TEMPLE

AMONG the lonely Bindha hills in the Central Indian state of Hyderabad, there are some of the most wonderful rock-cut temples that the hand of man ever created. There are twenty-nine of these extraordinary caves. They were excavated and decorated by the priests, artists and craftsmen of the great age of Buddhism and seem to have been occupied by a sort of monastic university. Some of them were made as early as the reign of Asoka (264-28 B.C.)—or even a little earlier. The latest ones date from a period just before the Brahmans succeeded in driving Buddhism out of India, about 700 A.D.

The labor of excavating these vast caves and of carving the rock into columns, cornices, statues and shrines must have been enormous, and the quality of the art displayed is such as to arouse the admiration of everyone who beholds it. The picture we give illustrates the effect of massiveness combined with elegance that these old craftsmen obtained. The rock-cut temple is forty-six feet long and twenty-four feet high. Not the least remarkable thing about it is the way in which the light, entering from the front of the cave, is thrown upon the capitals of the pillars and the gorgeous stupa, or shrine, in which the sacred relics of Buddha were preserved. The spectator himself stands in the semidarkness as he looks up to the warmly lighted band of sculpture.

for you," replied the chaplain, "as you came to this land and took it in hand; turn to the Lord and let Him take you in hand. I'm sure the Lord has a vision of the fine, spiritually minded man you can become, and, when the transformation is complete, the Heavenly Gardener will say, 'That's what I saw in Jack Dynes all along.'"

"Then He'll have his blessed way with me from now on," said Jack. "I see where I've been hitting it wrong. I've been trying to get hold of Him, when I should be letting Him get hold of me!"

And the chaplain's words came true, for Jack's life is one of rare goodness, patience and cheerfulness and of implicit trust in God.

TENNIS COURTS MADE OF WOOD

THIS picture shows a curious kind of outdoor tennis court that has gained some popularity in England. It can be used where the turf is not suitable for the game, and where the expense of levelling ground and building a clay-and-gravel court is

prohibitive. There are other advantages too. The wooden court requires little repair and no watering, rolling or raking. It drains itself, also, through crevices between the boards of which it is made, and can be played on five minutes after a hard rain. Moreover, it can be taken up in sections and carried about from place to place, and the lines marking the courts are permanent. The surface is said to be excellent for tennis and much less injurious to the feet than that of a hard clay court.

ANOTHER WISE PIG

THE several stories relating to the good qualities of pigs that have appeared recently in *The Companion* have recalled to a *Companion* reader an incident that occurred in his own experience.

Many years ago, he writes, I was occupying a small dairy farm in Central New York. As was then the custom in that locality, I took our milk to the cheese factory and carried my share of the whey home to feed the pigs, of which I had three. A little corn

meal added to the whey made what was considered a fair ration for the porkers. I had noted for a time with some concern that one of the pigs, and by the way the best of the three, seemed to have a rather delicate appetite as compared with the other two. They scrambled for their food in the most approved pig fashion. He, while apparently interested, would stand with his muzzle over the trough and grunt softly. While the others ate with a scandalous lack of etiquette, he seemed to have little appetite for his food.

Some time in midsummer I had occasion to be away from home all day and asked my mother to give the pigs their midday meal, which I prepared before leaving in the morning. When I reached home in time for the evening "chores," my mother, having taken more time making observations than I ever had, was prepared to explain the mystery of the apparently ailing but thrifty pig. While his two voracious and hungrier brothers were stuffing their stomachs with the thin whey on top, he was waiting with wonderful self-control for the more nourishing corn meal at the bottom. It was very difficult for me to credit any pig with such superior sagacity, but subsequent observations convinced me that my mother was right.

Not being versed in the mental processes of pigs, I have often wondered how that particular pig made his series of discoveries, and how he was enabled to turn them to such eminently practical use.

TOO MUCH STATISTICS

THE head of an Oriental town, a Mohammedan, being asked by the government to reply to certain questions relating to his city, sent in the following paper:

Question—What is the death rate per thousand in your city?

Answer—In my city it is the will of Allah that all must die; some die old, some young.

Question—What is the annual number of births?

Answer—We don't know; only God can say.

Question—Are the supplies of drinking water sufficient and of good quality?

Answer—From the remotest period no one has ever died of thirst.

Question—What is the general hygienic condition of your city?

Answer—Since Allah sent us Mohammed, his prophet, to purge the world with fire and sword, there has been great improvement. And now, my lamb of the West, cease your questioning, which can do no good either to you or anyone else.

—The Lancet.

A FIT REVENGE

THE French writer Alphonse Karr is the author of an entertaining set of books that he calls *The Wasps*. It is full of amusing stories, one of which we print for the gratification of all lovers of cats, especially those whose pets have been abused or perhaps killed by unsympathetic neighbors.

Madame D. rejoiced in a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by shooting it, whereupon Madame D. set mouse traps in her house and in the houses of her friends. When she had collected about four hundred mice, she put them in a box and sent it to Madame de C. in her château. Madame de C. opened it herself, hoping she would find a number of new gowns. At the bottom of the box was a note addressed to her: "Madame, your husband killed my cat. I send you my mice."

HOW LONESOME HE WOULD BE!

THE motorist had been fined and his right to drive suspended for a year for reckless driving.

"Your Honor," shouted his attorney, "I will appeal this case."

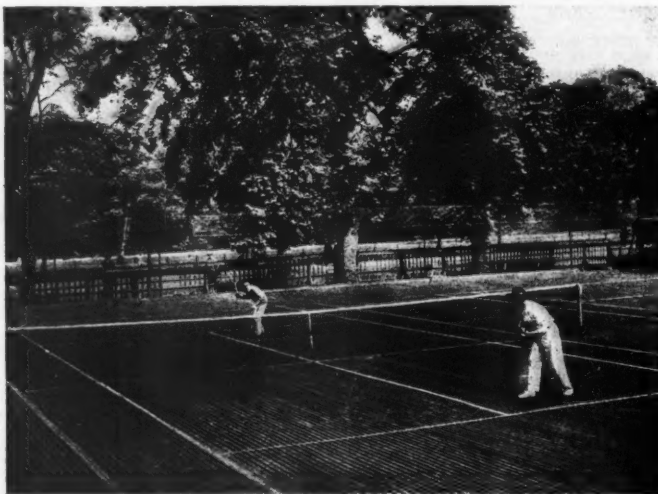
"On what ground?" asked His Honor.

"On the ground that to sentence a man to become a pedestrian is cruel and unusual punishment," replied the lawyer.

NOT A VERY DANGEROUS CHARACTER

Lady (to tramp): "Now go away, or I'll call my husband."

Tramp: "Oh, 'im. I know 'im. 'E's the little feller who told me yesterday to go away or he'd call his wife!" —Goblin.



It's All Fun

By Q. HOWE

IV. Hard-Hearted Hannah

ANOTHER chapter in my monumental book on philosophy is already writing itself into my life. It will be entitled Women.

Last night I went to dinner with my Greek professor, Dr. Artaxerxes Simpson. I had looked forward to a quiet evening's talk in which my soul might attune itself to the rich harmonies of the classics. I was afforded entertainment of a quite different sort. On my arrival I found that Professor Simpson's family included not only his wife but a daughter of surpassing beauty. Her name is Hannah. On several occasions during the meal I attempted to engage the professor in conversation about the relative schools of Aristotle and Plato—a subject in which I am deeply interested. But I was never able to get more than a few sentences past my lips without encountering the lustrous eyes of Hannah. Although on every occasion I averted my gaze immediately, all speech deserted me.

During the entire meal Hannah did not utter a single remark, but listened in demure and appreciative silence to all that was said, especially—or so I flattered myself—to my own halting opinions. Soon after the meal I discovered that both her father and her mother were unexpectedly called away, he to a faculty meeting, she to a conclave of professors' wives. I was urged by both parents, as well as by the daughter, to remain and talk to the charming Hannah—a duty that I accepted with joy.

She snuggled up into her chair and from a little bag that she carried on her wrist produced a small red stick, which she smeared upon her lips. Evidently their brilliant red was partly due to frost-bite.

"The weather is very cold," I ventured. "I am not surprised that your lips are somewhat chapped."

She gave me one of those strange looks that people in Shawmut so often bestow on one and nodded her head.

"Of course you do a great deal of dancing in Boston, Mr. Newton. By the way, what is your first name—I do so hate this formality."

"Bemis," I replied, "Bemis Faneuil Newton."

"Bemis," she repeated.

"Oh, I think that's a terribly cute name—Bemis. Bemis, do you like to dance?"

"Why, yes, I enjoy dancing very much, though I have not practiced the art at all frequently."

"How do you dance—Ritz or Collegiate? I like Collegiate. I think it's so much more refined. But then a lot of nice chaps I know only dance Ritz."

"I am afraid I do not know the dances you are talking about. I can only do the waltz, polka and two-step."

"Anyway, I just feel you're a swell dancer, Bemis. Are you going to the Fall Prom? I bet a cookie you have some cute little girl from Boston all dated up."

"Why, no. I'm afraid I have no little girl in Boston, cute or otherwise, and I had not heard of this Prom you mention. Is it some kind of dance?"

"Yes, it is. You see every fall there is a dance, and everyone is supposed to bring a girl to it."

"Are you going?"

"Oh, no; I'm just an old wall flower. L. O. P. H."

"What does that signify, L. O. P. H.—is it a fraternity?"

"No, you funny boy. It stands for Left On Papa's Hands."

"You say nobody has asked you? What a shame—and you're so fond of dancing. Wait a minute. I've an idea. Why don't you come with me?"

"Why, Bemis, isn't that just lovely of you! I'd adore to go. And with you!"

At this moment the door-bell rang.

"Oh, goody," exclaimed my hostess; "it's the girl friend. You'll be wild about her."

The person who entered the room was not a beauty. She wore glasses like mine. Her

thick, curly black hair was at hopeless loose ends. Was it bobbed, or had she lately been suffering from typhoid and was it just growing back to its normal length? I could not determine. Her upper teeth protruded, and she possessed a long, sharp nose. As she advanced farther into the room I observed that she wore heavy woollen stockings and thick rubber-soled shoes. Her tweed dress was not attractive.

"Hullo, Hannah. Who's your friend?" she said, looking resentfully in my direction.

"Excuse me for not introducing you sooner. Mr. Newton, get accustomed to my girl friend, Sally Hawkins. Miss Hawkins, this is Mr. Newton, class of '29."

"Very pleased to meet you, I am sure, Miss Hawkins."

"Hullo," she said and collapsed on a large sofa.

"Mr. Newton and I were just talking about the Prom. He's invited me to it."

"Gosh."

"Yes, he has, and I'm wondering what to wear. What would you suggest?"

"I dunno."

At this moment the door-bell rang, and to my amazement George Fletcher, my neighbor at the dining-room, entered.

I stepped forward to shake hands.

"Why, it's Nervy Newt himself, the demon tackle," said Fletcher with a twinkle in his eye. "The coach was asking after you tonight. I guess the girls here didn't know they were entertaining an athlete in their midst."

To show his good will, Fletcher slapped me on the back and sat down in my chair. This shrewd move of his made it necessary for me to sit on the sofa next the surly Miss Hawkins. Feeling that I should at least try to be civil, I started to engage the young lady in conversation, while Fletcher and Hannah whispered quietly together.

"Tell me, Miss Hawkins, I began, 'are you adept at any of these dances that Hannah has been telling me about?'"

"No."

I waited for more, but, as nothing came, I pursued the subject. "For myself, I prefer the more sedate steps of an earlier day."

"Gosh."

This gave me scant encouragement, but I was determined.

"No doubt you too are going to the Fall Prom of which Miss Simpson was speaking."

"No."

"You are not? What a shame. But then you are probably not missing anything of great consequence. For myself I prefer an evening with Aristotle to anything else."

"Gosh."

"Well, there are many ways of looking at things. At all events I shall be very sorry not to see you at the Prom this fall."

What prompted me to say this I do not know, and I can only blame myself for what ensued, although I do feel that Hannah perhaps overstepped the bounds.

"But, Bemis," she interrupted, "there's no reason why you shouldn't see Sally at the Prom. George has just reminded me that we had sort of an understanding to go together. I had forgotten all about it—wasn't that just terrible of me? But I tell you what we'll do. George will take me, and you take Sally. It'll be a foursome, and you can make George give you a lot of dances with me. I just know you can Charleston."

There was nothing for me to do but ask Miss Hawkins. "Yes," was her reply.

This episode left me so depressed that I did not say another word until it was time to go. Fletcher and I left together.

"Well, Bemis, my boy," he said as soon as we were out of earshot, "what do you think of Hard-hearted Hannah, the Shawmut vampire?"

"I think she is most attractive, but why does she have that dreadful friend?"

"Silent Sal? Otherwise known as the Hawk? O boy, you'll learn, you'll learn."

TO BE CONTINUED.



The girl who's "too tired"

WONDERFUL, wonderful good times, summer or winter, wherever there's a jolly, companionable crowd of girls and boys! And the things you do out-of-doors, of course, are the best fun of all!

There's nothing else like it—the exhilaration, the thrill, that comes from clear air and bright sunshine and laughter—and a strong young body carrying you joyously and triumphantly through any game or sport or "stunt" the crowd decides upon. That's living!

The more you enter into outdoor games and sports the more fun you'll have—and the more you'll be liked and admired by your crowd. The worst kill-joy in the world is the "too-tired" girl! She's the girl who never has enough energy to start on a walk or a swim or a tennis match—or who starts, but can't finish, thereby spoiling the fun of all the rest.

Health means happiness

Enjoy good times as much as you possibly can. Keep your physical condition up to the mark—health, energy, vitality just what they should be. You know the rules—plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, regular exercise, sensible diet—and no artificial stimulants!

Did you ever stop to think about coffee and tea, for instance? Both are drugs—

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

containing drinks, doing the body definite harm. The average cup of coffee contains 1½ to 3 grains of caffeine, a dangerous drug stimulant. Caffeine often produces headaches, nervousness and sleeplessness. It tends to lower vitality and to lessen the body's reserve energy. So you see how important it is to keep drinks which contain caffeine out of your diet.

You can have the hot mealtime drink you need without depending upon coffee or tea. In millions of American homes, girls and boys are drinking a delicious, wholesome drink—Postum!

Make this test

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening. So healthful—just wonderful golden grain! And Instant Postum, made the new way—with hot (not boiled) milk instead of the usual boiling water—is so nourishing and strength-building.

Try Postum for thirty days! This test will show you just how fine a drink it is. Your grocer has it—or, if you wish, we'll send you, free, a week's supply to start you on your test. Just fill out the coupon below—and mail it today!

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THE Y. C. LAB

Earle H. Bryant, of Deerfield, Mass., wins the Y. C. Lab's seventh weekly award of \$5 for this rebuilt Ford car. "I bought the body, racing style," he writes, "and took eighteen inches out of the frame. The gas tank was carried inside the body, and six inches were cut off the length of the standard tank."



"I took out the spark and gas levers under the steering wheel," adds Earle H. Bryant, "replacing the gas lever with a foot lever. No special parts or valves were put in the engine, but I was paced at sixty-five miles an hour. The car is underslung, giving unusual steering ease. No running board or mud guards are used."

PROCEEDINGS AT WOLLASTON LAB

November 27—Continued:

Outside of getting our dowel holes a little bit off, it went fine. We set it up, glued it and anchored it in place. Our method of doing this without clamps would put envy in the heart of Robinson Crusoe or some South Sea Islander short of a complete cabinet-making outfit. We butted it up against a cleat and drove a wedge in the other end, forcing the glued and dowel joint together under pressure. To keep it in line we nailed studs across it and a piece across it.

Rainy and cold, but our new little stove made the Lab snug and cozy.

November 28:

Worked on the table again. The legs, cross-bars, etc., are all finished and doweled. This job of finishing and fitting takes much time and infinite pains. Took a few pictures.

November 30:

Worked in the afternoon on the lamp and the sides to the table. Making the shade to the lamp from tinned wire. Have to bend it to shape desired and side lengths cut even. Solder it in the air, so to speak. Can't stop to make a chuck. It goes together not too hard and looks well.

In the evening another boy showed up, and we put the cross-bars of table together with glue and put on the feet. The feet we made with an ordinary saw (rip and cross-cut). Had no jig-saw capable of going through three inches of oak. Formed these feet up with these few tools and an old chisel. But they look good just the same. The Egyptians

ANOTHER REBUILT FORD CAR

SOME of the weekly \$5 awards have been given for altogether new things; for instance, F. William Bang's Elizabethan Ship Model, which he describes in detail below. Other awards, like the rebuilt Ford racing car shown above, are for modifications and improvements.

Either kind of award is open to you. Send in a picture and description of your work.

To apply for membership in the Y. C.

Lab, write to The Director, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., stating your age and inclosing some evidence of your skill—for instance, a photograph or a careful description of something you are making or have made. A rough sketch will suffice. Be sure to give your age. You will receive full information by return mail.

When asking mechanical or technical questions, be sure to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

to legs and legs to the side. Everything must be measured to the last decimal, and, considering we are using only hand tools, this isn't so easy. It looks very well.

December 3:

Busied ourselves finishing parts of the big table to be assembled later. Cut and finished an ornament to be added to the long cross-bar of the table. Glued and clamped it in place. Doweled and glued another side to the same table.

December 4:

Cut and finished the front and rear panels for oak table. Finished the ornament to the

cross-bar on table and glued that in place. Began an enlarging apparatus for a camera and nearly completed it in the afternoon.

December 5:

All day session, mostly with the oak table. Fashioned the long cross-bar and finished the ornament. This looks good, and we are glad now that the mill sent two short pieces for this by mistake instead of one long one—



Members Sawyer and O'Connell at work on table legs

else we shouldn't have had the ornament. Cut the front assembly of the table; that is, the face. This has to be done very accurately; a thirty-secondth of an inch would throw us away out. Not only do the edges have to approach perfection, but the dowels must be set to come exactly right. Cabinet-making isn't much like putting boards on the roof. Not much. The lamp is all finished, shade and all, and we photographed it.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.



A worthy product of any boy's skill

Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 5

An Elizabethan Galleon

cutwater on the prow, which slants in to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the bottom edge of the block. The bow has a blunt point for attaching the bowsprit. The stern, which projects out beyond the rudder, is made by nailing a block of wood (F) 3 by $1\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the top back end of the boat. The upper edge of this block is flush with the deck, already shaped off. The extra width of the block allows for the making of decorative protrusions on the side. The block should fit firmly, so that it may be easily shaped with the rest of the stern. The rudder, which does not move, must be made with great care. A very sharp chisel will be needed to cut across the grain of the wood on each side of the rudder.

The upper sides of the stern are cut in a

does on the stern deck. When carefully made, these curves greatly add to the appearance of the galleon. Deck C is cut deeper, and the railing curve does not go the full length. The corners and front edge of deck B are rounded off. The rounded lines in Fig. 2 show the way in which the decks are cut down. On each side of the stern are two windows, which are made by nailing on oblong blocks with sides cut to slant out.

The guns are made from short pieces of tapered dowel inserted at places shown by the black circles. They may protrude about half an inch.

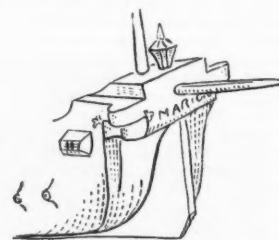
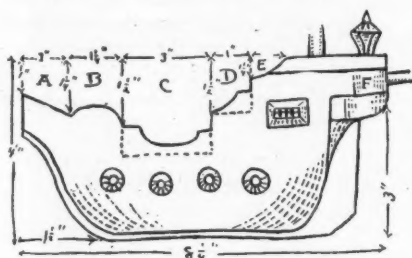


Fig. 1. (Above) Detail of stern

Fig. 2. (At left) Side view of hull, showing deck levels.

THE only cost of the little vessel twelve inches long and nine inches high that you see here is the time you spend in making it and perhaps a few cents for materials. The vessel is an ornament to any table, mantel or schoolroom.

Use a soft wood, such as gum, whitewood or white pine, wherever you can. It is easy to work. Start the hull from a block of wood $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick and 4 inches wide. Mark distances of 1, $2\frac{1}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{4}$ and $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches on each of the long narrow sides, each measurement taken from the front end. Then saw down at these markings as shown in the drawing of the hull, at the first to a depth of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, on the next pair to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and on the fourth to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. The different deck heights are thus easily made by chiseling out A, B, C and D; be careful to have deck A slanting inward. Then mark off a quarter-inch strip along the centre of the bottom for the keel and chisel down on each side of this to a depth of $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch. Round off the side edges of the block with a plane, then start chiseling and shaping the hull. The keel continues as a

groove $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in on the side and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch down from the top. The extra width of the attached block is rounded off and the stern deck cut at a slant, making the lower edge half an inch below the upper, which has been chiseled down a little, leaving a quarter-inch railing on the sides and the width of the appended block in back. Deck D is cut down a quarter of an inch more to allow for a railing, which curves down as it

All spars are made of dowels tapered at the ends. The bowsprit is a half-inch dowel fitted over deck A. Insert a smaller one in the stern to project $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Of the quarter-inch masts, two are $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and have crow's nests three quarters of an inch in diameter sawed round from quarter-inch material. They are fitted on $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the top of the masts. Bore a quarter-inch hole in the front centre

of deck C and another in deck D. Set the two $7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch masts into them so that their tops are on the same level. The stern mast is not so tall as the other two and is set in the back centre of deck E. The yards are notched in the middle to fit the masts and are attached with wire. The two top ones are $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches long and are set three quarters of an inch from top of mast. The middle ones are 3 inches long and are attached $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the top. The lower ones are $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the top and are 4 inches long. The mizzen mast has a slanting spar $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long with its centre attached an inch from the top. Two small railings made from brads and wire are put on the outer edges of deck B.

The boat is now ready for painting. It has an orange hull with green upper part. A line of yellow enamel runs between the two colors and is used for outlining and decorations. The decks are coated with clear varnish. The masts, guns, spars and rigging (added later) are black. The whole is "antiqued" by stippling on a brown varnish with gilding powder when the rest is dry.

The shrouds are made by winding string from above the crow's nest down to a wide staple made from a brad that is nailed into the side. Across the four strands are various lengths of string glued or tied at each intersection to form ratlines. The sails are cut from varnished canvas in sizes to fit, with allowance for bulge (see detail), painted an orange yellow and "antiqued" like the hull. The centre sail on the foremast has a red Maltese cross in its centre for decoration. The sails are attached to yardarms with fine wire. The small foresail is held up by the rigging. Miniature blocks are made from a dowel rod planed oval, sawed off at about $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch width and grooved to hold the wire that is used in the rigging. The ends of the wires are held to the boat by small brads, which are also used to nail down corners of the lower sails.

The small flags are cut with wavy outlines from the same material as the sails and are inserted in slits cut at the top of the masts. The poop lantern in the rear is red with black top and yellow outlines.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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full of perils—as indeed it was. But The Sun drew a firm line between news columns and editorials, and Palmer wrote straightforward stories of what he saw and heard.

Mark what happened. In Chicago one day during the height of the convention excitement, Col. Roosevelt considered himself misrepresented by some other newspaper. He called the two hundred or more reporters together, and suddenly leveled his finger at Palmer with this remark: "I want to say to you, Palmer, and through you to these gentlemen, that any paper which reports me as honestly in its news columns as does the New York Sun will be given every opportunity to interview me." Pausing a moment, he added: "I don't care what they say in their editorials, by George."

Palmer is too modest to quote this superb personal tribute to his honesty and accuracy. The Youth's Companion is glad to print it for the credit it does to him—and to the great man about whom he writes so understandingly in our pages.

THE AMUSING STORY by H. L. Mencken in this issue represents the earlier part of his career. He sent it to us in 1900, saying that the tramp dentist whom it depicts is a familiar character in Latin America, moving in state and often accorded the reception of an ambassador. Mr. Mencken hoped, at that time, to work up a series of boys' stories for us. However, he became more interested in critical work, and has been a newspaper "columnist," lexicographer and magazine editor. The story we print this week will startle many authors whose books he has reviewed, and who do not know that he was once a fiction writer himself.

Frank Godwin, who served in the Air Service during the war, sends with his pictures for Mr. Mencken's story this note: "I enjoy contact with youngsters very much. One bright boy in Laporte, Pa., helped me build a seaplane, and caught me—by his accurate eye—making a serious error in a wing curve. I haven't grown up myself and I don't intend to. Boys and girls are the straightest thinkers, and I'm for them."

Things We Talk About

IF YOU ARE DOING ANY NEWSPAPER WORK, and face a "tough assignment," consider what happened to Loren Palmer, who writes the article on page 29 of this issue. He was a reporter for the old New York Sun, and was assigned to "cover" Theodore Roosevelt from 1906 to 1908, and afterwards in 1911 and in 1912 when Roosevelt was the candidate of the Progressive Party. His job was to report all the colonel's speeches and doings for the news columns of The Sun. Editorially, the paper was bitterly opposed to Roosevelt, and lashed him with a fervor and frenzy never seen nowadays, for it was mingled with biting wit. Palmer might well have felt that his position, as a daily companion and observer of the man whom The Sun dubbed "The Supreme Snark of the Universe," was

Nuts & Crack

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

3. COMMA PUZZLE

This drawing shows the solution of the comma puzzle.

Make a circle by continuing the outside line as dotted; then place a point of a compass on the large dots in the smaller dotted circle and from these semicircles out of the original comma. You will see how to get the two designs with the cut of the scissors.



7. COMBINATIONS FORMING TRIANGLES

2-3	12-0-0-3-8-7	9-8-7
6-5	14-1-0-0-10-5	8-7-6
14-0-8	8-7-0-0-12-3	9-8
1-0-7	13-14-12-0-8	7-6
1-0-5-6-7	12-0-8	11-12
1-0-5	1-2-3-0-7	10-11
14-0-10-9-8	14-1	9-10
14-0-10	8-7	9-10-11
7-0-3-2-1	13-14-1-2	3-4
7-0-3	13-14-1	4-5
8-0-12-13-14	14-1-2	4-5-6
8-0-12	13-14	13-12-11
	1-2	2-3-4
	9-8-7-6	13-12

Total combination triangles.....	40
Total separate and distinct triangles...	14
Grand total.....	54

9. C COB HOMES COMPACT COMPANION BEANPOD SCION TOD N	13. COMPANION OVERLORD MEDIATE PRINCE ALACK NOTE IRE OD N
--	---

14. Snow-ball.

15. F-to-1—Flute F-to-2—Frank F-to-3—Folly F-to-4—Fable 5-to-F—Chief 6-to-F—Staff 7-to-F—Gruff 8-to-F—Brief
--



The central letter may be published if desired to aid solution. Definitions from the Universal Dictionary.

16. MARTEL AVERSE RESIST TRIVET ESSENE LETTER	17. TAPETA OZONES RANCES OLEATE SENSES EATERS
--	--

PUZZLERS

Here are the last answers. From them you can see pretty well how much chance you have of winning the prize. The winners will be announced within a few weeks and a new puzzle contest started. Have you enjoyed this? Write any puzzle questions and suggestions that you have to

The Puzzle Editor
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

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Have You a Hope Chest Too!

NOT such a long time ago a friend of mine said, "Have you started a hope chest too?"

I said that I had not. "What is the use of starting a hope chest without any hope?" I asked.

"Pooh!" she replied. "That doesn't matter. I haven't any hope either, but I have started a hope chest just the same, and some day if my Prince Charming comes I shall be glad I did. If he doesn't, I shall be even gladder, for then I shall need pretty, dainty linens to console me."

"There might be something in that," I found myself admitting, "but just the same, a hope chest—"

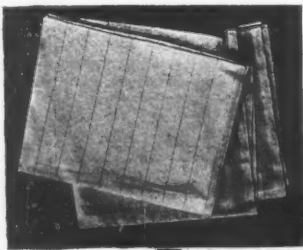
"Well, call it a consolation chest if you'd rather. It doesn't make any difference what you call it. The important thing is to fill it."

After this conversation I thought very little more about it until the January sales came. Early one day in January Mary Hannah descended on me, all bedecked in her Christmas clothes, and said, "Come on. I'm going shopping for my hope chest. All the stores are having linen sales, and this is a good time to get ahead."

I went. And I came back with two lovely pieces of linen all ready to start my hope chest with. One was the towel you see at the left. I bought it already made. It's Italian cut work and not very difficult to do yourself. But I thought it would be encouraging



Hazel Grey's hope chest

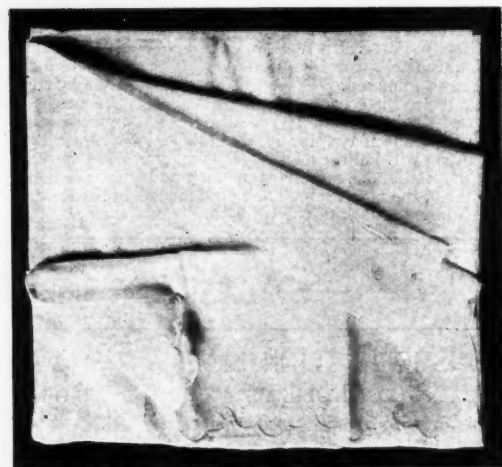


Every hope chest needs dish towels



This is the towel I started my hope chest with

Mary Hannah's aunt brought me this when she came back from abroad



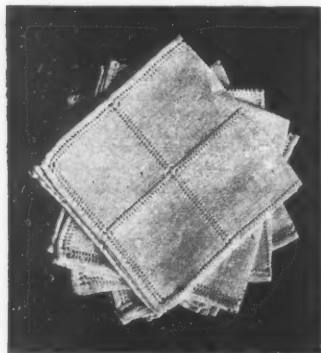
I borrowed these to show you

to have the first thing all finished. The second piece of linen was just material to make little tea napkins. I learned how to do Italian hemstitching and made half a dozen. How do you like them?

When Mary Hannah's aunt, who was abroad, returned, she brought us each a lovely present for our hope chests. Mine is the filet circular table cover you see. Isn't it a beauty? She said we were the easiest girls to get presents for that she knew, because we had hope chests, and she knew the very best things to put into them.

Mary Hannah says it's a very bad idea to fill your hope chest with fancy things you can only use on Sunday or when company

The tea napkins I made myself



Special Delivery to My New Friends

I am having a good time with your contest letters. The ones on "How I Made My Christmas Money" are so original and clever and full of good ideas that we are having a hard time deciding on the best, but the winner will be announced and the winning letter published within a few weeks.

My, but the gypsy queen is busy reading your handwriting! She says she did not know there were so many bright, eager, wide-awake young people in America. I tell her there are more still, so, if you haven't sent me your name, address, age and the word "skarat," don't wait another day. She will tell you what it says about your character and ability—and yes, even your disposition.

How about your letters on "What My Hobby Is and Why I Have It?" Remember they must be in by the 21st—no more than five hundred words. Five dollars for the best and one dollar apiece for any others that we publish.

I am glad so many of you are painting china, and I wish we could all get together some afternoon and have a regular painting bee. But I'm afraid even the Hippodrome wouldn't hold us all. And aren't we having a lot of parties! And doing embroidery! And giving plays! And becoming beautiful! And being well dressed!

What do you want to know? Write and ask me. Only don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope!

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington St., Boston

comes, so I have taken her advice and made some dish towels. Heaven knows every hope chest needs them. I made them absolutely plain, because I thought it a good idea to save all the fancy work for fancy things.

And I rather like the little towel with colored cross-stitch. I did that myself, but it doesn't look very bad, does it?

And then the sheets and pillow cases. I haven't any of those, because they seem so ambitious; but I borrowed some from a friend of mine, because I wanted to show you that it is nice to scallop the edges, or to hemstitch the edges by hand, and put an initial in. Of course that is hard work. There's no getting around it. And of course putting the initial in is a bit difficult, but look up our page on monograms, August 20, 1925.

It's not a bad showing for a hope chest, is it? And I have only been working on it a year. I'm grateful to Mary Hannah for dropping in that day and making my hope chest begin to grow. I've been saving up my pennies, so that this January I'm having a wonderful time at all the linen sales.

Adelaide gave me a beautiful

towel for Christmas that I shall show you before long. I want you to see the new things that I have been buying, too. Write and tell me about your hope chest. Are you buying something new this January?

I am ridiculously proud of my hope chest, and whenever a friend comes to tea I never allow her to say good-by until she has seen and admired every piece of linen I possess. Of course it may yet turn out to be a consolation chest, but whether it does or not sometime I shall have it completely filled, and that, as Mary Hannah says, is the only thing that matters after all.

I like to do cross-stitch, and I think I shall put an initial in the center of this



CLOTHES

I AM so glad you like this new department. Thank you for all the delightful letters you have written telling me so. And for the questions you have asked! I love your questions, because they help me tremendously in getting to know you, and that is what I want to do most of all. If I know what your particular clothes problem is, I can help you solve it—not Mary's or Jane's or Ruth's, but yours. So write and tell me. Oddly enough, a great many of you have asked the same questions, so I can answer them here. Then you won't have to wait until I get around to your individual letters.

Yes, this is the one and only real fashion service exclusively for the young girl (that's you) in any magazine of general circulation.

Every week you will see at least one of these girls all dressed up in something very smart and new and adapted to her own particular style, with a little note about its color and good points and cost and all the little things like that that you want to know; also why it is just the dress for Suzanne or Betty or Adelaide or you.

Yes, Every Week.

Hazel Gray



Costumes from
WILLIAM FILENE'S
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I'm going to get so much wear out of this bordered worsted dress. It comes in green and blue and rose and tangerine, and they were all good-looking, but I chose the green one. The price is \$16.50, and it's worth it.

Betty

Photographs from HOYLE STUDIO, Boston



Isn't this coat stunning? Grackle-head blue and natural beige, finished with natural raccoon. Plaid coats are going to be so good, too! It's \$75, but I think I can wear it two or three seasons.

Adelaide

Do you like this dance frock? It is made of blue georgette studded with rhinestones. I like the neck line, which is rather smart, and the pinched bodice and flare skirt, because they suit my figure so well. I bought it with \$25 of my Christmas money, and I'm going to wear it to the junior hop with Bob.

Suzanne



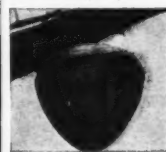
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G. W. R.
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The CHILDREN'S PAGE



Would You Like to Win a Prize?

Here
are the
Rules!

IF you are between six and ten years old and want to try to win \$5, draw or paint the best picture you can and send it to us before February 1. Every picture must have your name, address and age plainly written or printed on the back. Send a photograph of yourself along with the picture you draw.

Two of the pictures on this page were drawn by fourteen-year-old boys and girls. They are very good. Perhaps you can do even better. The picture you see at the right of this paragraph was sent to the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, where this exhibition was held, without any name signed. Perhaps you are the one who drew it. Are you?

Address your pictures to

The Editor of the Children's Page
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

Pictures from reproduction in *The Independent* from the Exhibition of Children's Drawings, through the courtesy of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston



Which one of our readers drew this picture?

How the Flowers Got Their Names

BY LOCKWOOD BARR

IV. Love-Lies-Bleeding and the Prince's-Feather

HUNTING with us is a sport; but for the ancients hunting food was an everyday serious business of life or death. To Diana every hunter made his sacrifices, offering at her woodland shrines a part of his kill, in the hope of getting her goodwill.

Diana was a queen and huntress, chaste and fair, a virgin goddess, the ideal of modesty, grace and maidenly vigor. Poets likened her unto the cold light of the moon and said she used the crescent moon for her silver bow and the slender moonbeams for her arrows. Surrounded by a bevy of nymphs, this swift, rushing goddess was wont to scour hills, valleys, forests and plains in search of prey.

The cypress tree was sacred to her and so was a rare bloom that did not wither and die but had eternal life. This flower had healing powers when made into a drink, as the gods knew how, that gave to men life everlasting. As a symbol of immortal life this rare flower was used by the Greeks to place upon the tombs of their heroes.

Other gods became jealous of Diana because of the love she got from mortals and to spite her took this flower to Olympus. But the hostile gods did not rob the earth of quite all of it. A little bit was left in that part of the world now known as India, whence there came to us two forms of flowers, one called love-lies-bleeding, and the other the prince's-feather.

These are forms of Diana's sacred flower, which the Greeks called amaranthus from "a," meaning not, and "marainein," to wither and die.

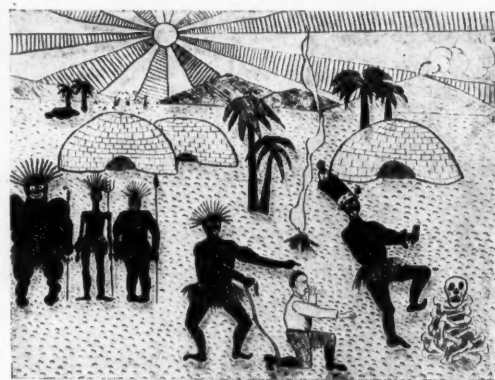


Illustration of an original story, John T. Croly, age 14, Lincoln School, New York City

I Know There Are Fairies

By

CLINTON SCOLLARD

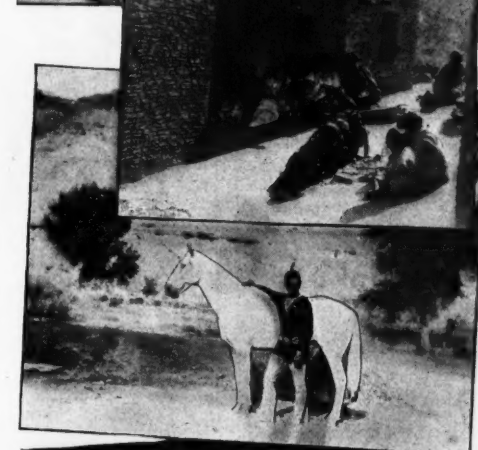
*I know there are fairies, because I have seen of them
One who assuredly must be the queen of them!*

Down in the garden, not far from the end of it,
Just where the curving path makes a broad bend of it,
As the gold prow of the shalloplike moon came up,
And the sweet voice of the wood-thrush in tune came up,
There sat a creature in satin robes shimmering,
Hair like the daffodil glinting and glimmering.
Foxgloves and larkspurs and lily-bells bowed to her;
Roses bent low in a radiant crowd to her;
Pansies turned faces upon her beguilingly;
Merry young marigolds greeted her smilingly;
Under the clouds dipped the moon for a minute then;
When it shone clearly the seat had naught in it then;
There were the flowers, each in everyday attitude;
She—she had flown to some far-away latitude.

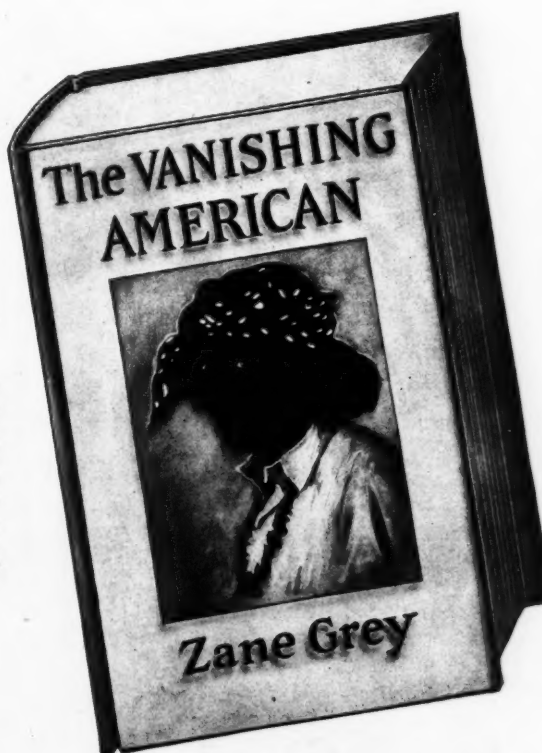
*Yes, there are fairies, because I have seen of them
One whom I know was the beautiful queen of them!*



Memory sketch of circus, Patricia Potter, age 14, Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, R. I.



The illustrations on this page are from the film presentation of this story, now playing to crowded houses in the largest picture theatres of the country.



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How Marian Warner, golden-haired, fascinating, came from the East to the bleak table-lands of the great Western reservation, and how she shared with Nophaie his struggles in behalf of his people, make a story more enthralling than any Zane Grey has before written. He has portrayed unforgettably a situation unique in fiction, the story of a love which, passionate and unconventional, gathered its strength from the great crimson canyon tops where Nophaie and Marian met.

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ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 2

A clean frock and her *best* slippers every afternoon when Janet visits grandmother

WE first saw Janet by a garden gate. In her pink gingham she looked as fresh as the rambler roses which seemed to be everywhere in that little Pennsylvania town on that particular morning.

"Hullo," said she. "I'm visiting my grandmother's house. Do you like my new dress?"

A little later smiling grandmother herself appeared—and we heard then about the clean frocks that Janet wore every morning and every afternoon.

"You see, we're so proud of Janet, we just have to dress her up. Her grandfather is as bad as I am. She is dressed specially every afternoon so he can take her walking."

"But," we asked, our mind on laundry problems, "who washes all those little frocks?"

"I do," she replied. "They're so pretty, I really enjoy it. I just use P and G Naphtha Soap on them and before I know it, they are clean."

Janet's grandmother was enthusiastic about P and G. "It is so quick," she said.

"I hardly rub those romper suits at all and they get pretty dirty from trips down the cellar door. And they *never* fade. The little underclothes too come out beautifully white with P and G and I don't boil them either. As for dishes and cleaning, P and G is wonderful. Nothing takes little finger marks off paint more quickly or safely. I have used a great many soaps in my time, but now I use P and G for everything."

Everywhere, we hear things like this about P and G. Women say that P and G makes their clothes cleaner and whiter with less rubbing and less boiling. Water may be hard or soft, cold, hot or lukewarm—yet always the same fresh, gloriously clean clothes with P and G. There is no mystery about P and G—it is simply a better soap. No wonder it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Don't you think it should be doing your washing and cleaning, too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE



A laundry hint from Janet's grandmother

"WHEN I am ready to rinse, I always remove the clothes before emptying the water from my tub. Otherwise, the water, as it seeps through the clothes, deposits again much of the dirt that P and G has removed."



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